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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY



THE FEARFUL FIRE AT A WORKHOUSE, LIVERPOOL, AND LOSS OF TWENTY-THREE LIVES. (See page 791.)

Notes of the Week.

The following are the principal conditions of the contract of marriage between the King of Portugal and the Princess Maria-Pia of Italy:—1. The sum allowed by the King of Portugal to his consort is to be £4,000 per annum. 2. The guarantee for the payment is his Majesty's civil list. 3. If the Princess of Italy becomes a widow, she shall be allowed a handsomely-furnished palace in addition to the allowance; but if she goes to a foreign country to live, shall receive the allowance only. 4. If the King becomes a widower without children, all the personal property of the Princess shall revert to her own family.

On Saturday morning, about eleven o'clock, a most determined act of self-destruction was committed by William Gamble, aged thirty-three, a private in the 2nd Life Guards. The unfortunate man, who, with his wife, acted as servant to Colonel Vyse, the colonel of the regiment, was, about the time mentioned, in the quarters of a comrade, and obtained from him a percussion cap. In a few minutes after the report of a pistol was heard, and on some of the soldiers running to the spot they found the deceased lying on the ground, with the greater portion of his face, including nose and eyes, completely blown away, and the large regimental pistol with which he had committed the act lying near him. The deceased had been in the regiment eight years, and bore the highest character.

The notorious case of Miss Thomas and General Shirley has reached another stage. It will be recollected that the lady who had been seduced by the general, failed in her action against the general for breach of promise of marriage, and that another action for goods alleged to have been ordered by her while in his house, was referred to arbitration. The arbitrator has just given his award, finding that General Shirley is bound to repay to Miss Thomas the goods which she had obtained under his express orders, and no more (£45 6s. 6d.); and that each party is to pay their own costs in the suit, the general bearing the cost of the award.

On Sunday a lamentable occurrence took place at Chalkwell, in the immediate vicinity of Milton-next-Sittingbourne. A bucket having fallen down an old well about 26 feet in depth, containing 2½ feet of water, a man named Hudson descended the shaft to recover the vessel. The result proved that the well was full of foul air, and the poor fellow, when he reached the bottom, fell. The brother of the dead man, who was at the top when the event occurred, immediately descended to rescue him, but he also, affected by the mephitic atmosphere, fell, and a third person went down, taking the precaution to tie a strong rope round his body. He succeeded in lifting the heads of the two Hudsons above the water, but having done so he became unconscious, and was drawn up in that state to the well's mouth. A fourth person then went down, but he also failed to recover the bodies of the first victims. He, therefore, was brought back to the surface of the ground in a very exhausted condition. The bodies of the brothers Hudson were drawn up after some interval, but both were dead.

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. F. Hollings, of Leicester. Deceased married the sister of Mr. J. Biggs, late M.P. for the borough, and his wife died in May last. Since that time Mr. Hollings has been prostrate in mind and body; and although latterly he was thought to be rallying, he was found dead in his bedroom on Sunday morning, in a manner which gave every reason to believe that the unfortunate gentleman had committed suicide. Deceased had qualified himself for the bar, but never practised his profession. He was eminently a man of letters, and took part in the educational, social, and political movements of the time. He was a borough magistrate, and was mayor in 1860. His death is greatly regretted by all classes, and it will occasion a blank which will not readily be filled up.

A young lad named C. Ridley, nineteen years of age, a boiler-maker in Messrs. Stephenson's factory, and a volunteer rifleman, is in the custody of the Newcastle-on-Tyne police, charged with shooting James Rendall, a cabinet-maker. A prize given by Mr. Headlam, M.P., had to be shot for at the rifle range, Byker-bill, and Ridley had been out at the range practising. Upon returning to the town he had gone to Rendall's residence, in Gibson-street, being upon friendly terms with him. Soon after entering he said to Rendall, "Jem, I'll shoot you," and he put a cap on the nipple of his rifle. Rendall replied, "Mind what you are doing; that rifle is not made to be played with." At the very moment, however, the rifle was discharged by Ridley, a bullet entering Rendall's right side, passing through the abdomen, and shattering one of his arms fearfully above the wrist to the elbow. He was able to walk to the infirmary. He is extremely ill, and in a very dangerous state. His arm will have to be amputated. Ridley is horrified at the effects of his folly, for there is no doubt he thought his rifle was unloaded. He states that he fired all the charge at Byker, and left his rifle lying in the grass until he examined the target. And he can only account for the accident by the circumstance that some one must have loaded his rifle, taking it for his own, and, having found out his mistake, laid it down again.

On Monday, there was a regatta on a large scale at Margate, under the patronage of Lord Palmerston, the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and the county members. Vast numbers of persons attended from the surrounding neighbourhood. The town itself is very full, and is likely to continue so until the end of October—the season, on account of the International Exhibition, being much later than in previous years. A great harvest is expected by the hotel-keepers and others next year. By the 1st of July, the Kentish Coast Railway, in connection with the London, Chatham, and Dover line, will be opened to Margate.

The proceedings of the Baron de Camin occasioned another riot at Bradford, on Saturday evening, and one of a much more serious character than that which took place on the previous Monday night, when, as our readers will remember, he was prevented from lecturing in the Odd Fellows' Hall. On Saturday morning placards appeared on the walls of the town, announcing that the baron would deliver a lecture or address in Peckover-walk, a large open plot of ground near the top of Chapel-street, Leeds-road. The hour fixed for the lecture was half-past four p.m., and by that time a great number of people had assembled. The discourse was subsequently largely increased, until there must have been at least 6,000 or 7,000 persons on the ground. The baron had only just commenced his lecture when he was assailed by some excited Irishmen, the waggon in which he was standing being upset, and a regular mêlée then occurring. Several persons were wounded, including the baron, who had to be escorted from the ground by the police; and half an hour afterwards an attack was made upon St. Mary's Catholic Chapel and Schools, the windows being nearly all demolished. Several of the ringleaders in the riot were apprehended. —*Leeds Mercury.*

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE.—We read in *Galignani* that a fearful scene occurred at Nancy a few days since in the public street. A retired wine-shop-keeper, named Poirson, who lived upon very unhappy terms with his wife, from whom he was about to be legally separated, had applied on the previous day to the Commissary of Police for a summons, in order to compel her to give up certain papers which he required. On the morning of the crime the woman was on the way to the police office when she met her husband, who was armed with two double-barrelled pistols, one of which he immediately discharged at her, and the other at his own head. When the neighbours rushed to the spot, they found the man quite dead; the woman was still alive, but so dangerously wounded that little hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes an article on the Roman question signed by M. Limayrac, which says:—"For thirty years the Imperial Government has defended the independence of the Papacy, but it is not reasonable to conclude from this that it intends to maintain the Papal Government for ever. If France considers it her duty to secure the independence of the Papacy, she also considers it her duty to respect the liberty of peoples. The Court of Rome, and the journals which are devoted to it, affirm that the Roman Government is loved by its subjects. It is therefore only necessary to protect it against any external attacks. The Papal power being secured within by the wishes of the inhabitants, and protected from without by a formal declaration of France, whose word is as good as her sword, there is no longer any reason for the occupation of Rome by French troops."

ITALY.

The *Official Gazette* of Turin says:—"Some journals have reproached the Government for not having yet declared its intentions respecting the disposal of those who took part in the late acts of rebellion. Considering that the law has to be executed, and justice to be left to freely take its course, the Government was not obliged to make any declaration on this subject. The facts in question having taken place in several provinces, it is necessary to determine what court of assize is competent to try the prisoners. The Government has also had regard to considerations of public safety."

A correspondent of the *Opinion Nationale*, writing from Turin on September 11, says:—

"I have just met Dr. Bertani. He thinks Garibaldi's wounds very serious, and does not share the optimistic opinions of the other medical men. The swelling continues, and yesterday it was judged necessary to apply leeches again. One need not be a doctor to know that a persistent swelling twelve days after a wound must be serious. General Furr, who has been to visit Garibaldi, found the 'old lion' smiling as usual, but very much thinner than he was. Goodness is the soul of this extraordinary man. His old generals would not follow him on this last occasion, but he receives them with as much affability as ever. He is incapable of hatred."

A letter from Turin says:—

"I have mentioned several times that Victor Emmanuel is nearly unknown in Sicily; it was Garibaldi's prestige which lent a ray of popularity to the King. I had written it to the ministry, but they do not listen to impartial observers, and rather trust the report of their officials, who have not the courage to tell unwelcome truths. The result now proves the correctness of my notions. After the news of Aspromonte, when all the shops were shut in Palermo for three days, the busts and portraits of the King were broken and torn, not by the mob, but by the inhabitants. In the most quiet way. You do not find now that well-known likeness in the capital of the island, unless it be in the public offices. It is very unpleasant for me to publish such facts, since I am deeply convinced that without Victor Emmanuel Italy never will be one united, and that the loss of his popularity is a misfortune to all the peninsula; but truth will always prevail, and it is a foolish policy to believe that such facts can be hushed up."

AMERICA.

ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN.

A letter from Washington, dated Sept. 31st, says:—"On Sunday the town was startled—it can scarcely be said to have been driven—by a despatch from General Pope, announcing that he had been surprised back eight miles nearer to Washington by the victorious enemy, and that he was in strong position at Centreville. That such a man as Pope should confess to a reverse was enough to excite the imagination of the impulsive people of New York to the point of believing that the reverse has been overwhelming, and that the audacity and genius of Lee and Stonewall Jackson had been rewarded with success. When on Saturday an official despatch was published from General Pope, announcing that he had won a great battle on Friday, in which he had lost 8,000 men, and his opponents doubt the number, it is hard to say whether belief or disbelief was the prevalent temper of the multitude. The President, if he opened the windows of the White House on that eventful morning and looked over the beautiful river and unfinished obelisk to the memory of George Washington, could not only hear the roar of artillery that attacked and defended the city, but could smell the gunpowder of the combatants when over a gust of wind came swelling across the Potomac. All that day he and the capital were in the extremity of danger, and amid the countless rumours that flew from mouth to mouth, and from street corner to street corner, one of the most pertinacious was that he and all his Ministers had packed up their documents and other valuables, ready to leave Washington at a moment's notice, and that apartments had been engaged for them in the principal hotels of New York."

A staff officer who left the field of Bull's Run, September 30, thus describes the fight that took place there:—"The battle commenced on Thursday at five o'clock in the afternoon, and has lasted without intermission except from darkness. Jackson's forces (Confederates) were estimated at 20,000. On Friday morning Jackson undoubtedly succeeded in effecting a junction with Longstreet. It is considered certain, also, that large portions of the rebel army succeeded in uniting with their hardily-pressed forces, and either on Friday or Saturday, probably, its main columns arrived on the battle-field. The battle was opened Friday morning by our assault, Sherman's battery commencing the contest. Sigel's line of battle was formed with General Schurz on the right, General Schenck on the left, and General Steinwehr in the centre and as a reserve. These are Sigel's three division commanders. General Milroy, with his independent brigade, led the advance. The enemy were pushed gradually but steadily back till about one in the afternoon. The enemy then suddenly and fiercely advanced in a layonet charge against Sigel, who was compelled to fall back. The result of the fighting on Friday, was, in substance, that the enemy had at first been driven about two miles, but subsequently meeting heavy reinforcements, and in their turn attacking, recovered a mile of the ground they had lost. Our troops rested at night a mile in advance of the position where the battle had begun in the morning. Saturday the battle was more general. McIntzelman, Porter, McDowell, Sigel, and Reno were engaged. The day was spent until three o'clock in massing troops, deploying, and manoeuvring. McIntzelman, commanding the right, attacked at three, with Reno's corps, holding his own in reserve. Porter moved forward in the centre at the same time. Porter's advance was at once met and checked by immense masses of the enemy's infantry, and almost at the same moment became exposed to an enfilading fire of grape and canister. The troops endured this with heroic bravery for more than an hour. An officer who watched them with his glass says he could see the ground strewn with fallen ranks of dying and dead. Finally they broke and fell back in disorder. The enemy advanced his batteries rapidly, and poured in a storm of shot and shell upon these confused and flying masses. The left wing was completely beaten, and the battle became seriously endangered. McDowell then advanced in support, and endeavoured to hold the centre and left, but his movements were anticipated by the enemy, and he was enveloped by the rebels on their right and outnumbered at all points. Large bodies of

McDowell's troops broke and retreated in disorder, making pell-mell across Bull's Run. At five in the afternoon the battle was going heavily against us. General Pope had ordered up and into the fight the last of his reserves, Sigel's corps, and was still endeavouring to retrieve the day; but along the Centreville road, artillery, infantry, waggons, and cavalry were mingled together in confusion, and all falling to the rear. Our right remained comparatively firm, and prevented the enemy from following up his advantage. Indeed, the last of the crossing of Bull's Run was in perfect order, protected by the right, which passed over last, and by eight o'clock the stream was crossed, and the enemy troubled us only by a few shells. We were falling back to Centreville, General McClellan is universally and bitterly blamed for this reverse. If his troops had been sent forward when they were ordered, Pope would not have been compelled to fight with half his army against the whole rebel force. Sumner and Franklin, who only reached the field last night, too late for the fight, should have been there three days ago. McClellan was three times ordered to move and refused, and by a general order this morning is removed from the command of all troops, except those remaining in Alexandria. When arriving by General Pope on Friday to send supplies to his starving army, he returned word that he would not send them unless Pope sent a cavalry escort for the trains. And at this time all McClellan's forces were held idle at Alexandria. Five hundred rebel prisoners are at Fairfax Station awaiting transportation to Washington. They concur in saying, as does information from all other sources, that the whole rebel army was engaged under General Lee's command. Its numbers no one of them set at less than 150,000, and many estimated them at 200,000 or 300,000. The prisoners also all say that they were promised an easy and speedy march into Washington. They were certainly to be there within a week. Jackson was the advanced guard of the grand army, and was engaged alone the first day; Jackson and Longstreet the second; and Jackson, Longstreet, and Lee, the third and fourth."

A despatch dated Washington Sept. 2, says:—

"Last night there were a series of skirmishes along the whole front of the army, during which Generals Kearney and Stevens, and other valuable officers were killed."

The Confederates are massed in heavy force at Vienna, twelve miles from Washington. The plank has been removed from the chain bridge across the Potomac.

The Confederates under Generals Breckinridge and Van Dorn numbering from 20,000 to 50,000 men, threaten New Orleans. General Butler is making great preparations for the defence of the city.

A New York letter says:—

"It may be of interest to mention that Beauregard is virtually laid on the shelf; that he is an excellent engineer, and one of the most popular and conciliatory officers in the army is universally admitted, but the despotic and centralized authority of the ablest living American, President Jefferson Davis, exacts higher qualities than popularity in the man whom he trusts."

ANOTHER AMERICAN IRON-CLAD STEAMER.

On Saturday, the 30th ult., the United States iron-clad gun-boat *Passaic*, which has been known as *Ericsson* Battery, No. 2 (the monitor being No. 1), was successfully launched at the Continental Ironworks, Greenpoint. As the air had been advertised to come off, a considerable assemblage was present. The navy was pretty largely represented. Mrs. Stimers, wife of Chief Engineer Stimers, christened the craft, but was too nervous to stand on the ship, and broke the bottle of champagne from the platform amid tumultuous applause. Mr. Stimers acted as master of ceremonies in the most polished manner. The *Passaic* is an iron-clad steam gun-boat of 1,600 tons burden. She is 230 ft. long, 45 ft. wide, 12 ft. deep; draws 7 ft. of water now, and will draw 9½ ft. when laden. These figures would give a good idea of a wooden vessel, they can convey no impression of this one. She looks like a huge coal barge with a sloping house on deck. She is as thick as two ordinary vessels. The thickness of iron, which is laid on a hull of extraordinary strength is 5 in. The turret is covered by wedges twice as heavy, being no less than 11 in. thick. The mail covers the entire craft, and goes by yonder the bow, where it becomes a ram. It also extends 34 feet, or half the entire draught of the vessel, below the water line. In action, then, a ball cannot strike an exposed part, because there is no part exposed. Even the prow, or ram, might be broken clear of without serious damage to the vessel. The vessel is provided with six water-tight compartments, connected with each other, with suitable doorways. They are formed of 1½ in. plate, butt-jointed and riveted flush. The turret is 21 ft. internal diameter. The plates, which are 11 in. thick, are applied in 2½ sections, and joined vertically in such a manner that there is only one joint at any one place. In the centre of this plating a circular aperture is made, 6 ft. in diameter. The armament will of course be in the turret, which is intended for two 15-inch Dahlgren guns. The machinery consists of two engines, which are on board. The *Passaic* cost 400,000 dollars. The next to be launched will be the *Montauk*, now known as *Monitor* No. 3. She will be ready for sea in ten days. The names of the other two vessels building at Greenpoint are: *Montauk*, *Ericsson* Battery No. 3; *Catskill*, *Ericsson* Battery No. 4. Work on both these vessels is progressing, and they will soon be ready for launching.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

On Monday afternoon Mr. John Humphreys held an inquest at the White Hart Tavern, Kingsland-road, Shoreditch, on the body of Joseph Hallows Robinson, aged fifty-three years, an engineer, who had committed suicide at No. 3, Cook's-place. The evidence went to prove that the deceased had been in a low state of mind through the removal of his wife to the Roman Catholic hospital at Ascot, who had been ill for about six months with a complication of diseases, and had been removed to the residence of her sister, at Sarah-street, Kingsland-road, but subsequently she became worse. An attempt was made to get her into one of the metropolitan hospitals. The sister waited upon the curate of the parish of Shoreditch, and through his interference the deceased woman was removed to the institution at Ascot, where she lingered for several days. Alarming symptoms then supervened, and the authorities of the place forwarded a letter to the husband informing him that the deceased was in danger. A letter to the sister inquired, and when she reached the place the deceased had been buried on the day before. The fact was made known to the husband, who became deranged, and said that she ought not to have been taken there as she was a Protestant. The deceased man, who had been low and depending, retired to rest with his younger son, and on the following morning at an early hour was found suspended to the rail of the bedstead. Dr. Burchill, of the Kingsland-road, was called, but he had been extinct about six hours. The chief witness (Aster Parkington), the sister of the deceased, said that when she visited the hospital she found deceased very comfortable, and the nurses seemed to be brought up in the Catholic religion. They were attired in robes and hoods with scarlet linings and crosses. The Rev. Mr. Brockman, the curate of St. Leonard's Shoreditch, said that he had recommended several persons to the establishment, which was supported by private charity. After a deal of evidence, the coroner remarked on the case, when the jury returned the following verdict: "That the deceased committed suicide by hanging, arising from the belief that his wife had died in a Roman Catholic institution where she had been removed by the recommendation of the curate of the parish."

General News.

The service in St. John's Church at Turin, on Sunday, was attended with an axe approached the statue of the Virgin, which was placed in the nave ready to be carried in procession at the conclusion of the mass, and with repeated blows knocked off the statue's head and both arms. The impression caused by this act of violence was indescribable; the people rushed forward and would have torn him to pieces had he not been rescued by the military. As it was, he was taken to the post at the Madonna Palace in a deplorable state from the blows given to him. He is supposed to be a lunatic.

The Emperor Napoleon has given orders to place in the Musée des Souverains, at the Louvre, the tombstone and iron railing brought from St. Helena, along with the Emperor's remains in 1810, and which have been at Cherbourg ever since.

A MONUMENT has been erected to Captain Hanham, in Winton cemetery. The following is the inscription:—"Here lies the mortal remains of John Hanham, Captain and Adjutant of the 11th Depot Battalion, second son of the late Rev. Sir James Hanham and Eliza Lady Hanham, his second wife, born January 14, 1813, died September 16, 1861. Shot at Preston, September 14, 1861, together with his commanding officer, Colonel Hugh Crofton. A ball fired by a private of the 32nd Regiment in revenge for a slight punishment caused the death of both. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory."—1st Cor., xv., 27.

The Hartley Institute is to be opened on the 15th proximo. Lord Palmerston will inaugurate the opening. His lordship will be met on Southampton-common, and will enter the town in a grand procession. The celebration of the opening will last two days, and will consist of the opening ceremonies, a banquet, concert, and ball.

A BALL was given at Homburg, near Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, on behalf of the sufferers from the cotton famine, and it produced a net amount exceeding £130, which has been forwarded to England.

In the military district of Madrid the captain-treasurer has disappeared with 12,000 piastres, and at Seville it has been discovered that the soldiers' bread was made of damaged flour, and contained carbonate of lime, acetate of lead, sulphate of iron, and other hurtful substances. The contractor and some officers of the administration are being prosecuted.

The Newcastle monument to George Stephenson, the great engineer, was completed last week, and will be shortly inaugurated by Lord Ravensworth. The monument promises to be very effective, and a great ornament to the town. The monument to the late Mr. Robert Stephenson will be placed nearer to the railway station.

Mrs. ALBONI, it is reported, will next year bring her glorious operatic career to a termination, and visit London for the last time in the season of 1863. She has expressed her determination of not taking a formal farewell.

A WATER-SPOUT has burst over Barcelona. The streets were flooded and into torrents, in which many of the inhabitants had to swim for their lives. Several houses have been washed away. The damage done is immense.

When the Royal mail steamer Seine, which has just reached home with the West India mail, was passing the Western Islands about twenty miles distant, a small land bird pitched in the rigging. It never attempted to fly away, and became so tame as to take food from the hands of the passengers. It was flying about the ship when the latter arrived at Southampton.

MR. NORMAN, an artist, was found lying dead on Sunday morning on a footpath in the environs of Plymouth under circumstances which suggested the idea that he had met with foul play. The state of his dress showed that he had been dragged for some distance along the road; his skull was fractured, and the wall of a railway arch near where the body was found was splattered with blood. The unfortunate man was drinking at a public-house late on the previous night, and it appears the neighbourhood is the resort of bad characters.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* writes—It is confidently stated that Dr. Tait, the present Bishop of London, who is well known as a native of Edinburgh, is to be elevated to the See of Canterbury. Should such prove true, the lines spoken in an epilogue by Richard Burbage at the Globe Theatre in 1601, may, in connection with the subterranean roadways through London, be said to be literally fulfilled:

"A Scot our King? The flimpy state
That day must need a crutch.
What next? In time a Scot will prove
As Primate of our Church!
When such shall be, why then you'll see
That day it will be found
The Saxon down, through London town,
Shall burrow underground!"

The rectory of Walwyn's Castle, near Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, has become vacant by the death of the Rev. Robert Sykes, M.A., formerly of Merton College, Oxford. It is worth £270 a year, and is in the gift of the Prince of Wales. In all probability the living will be kept open until the 9th of November next, when the Prince, having attained his majority, will have the privilege of a personal presentation to the benefice.

A BRUTAL murder was committed in Derby-street late on Tuesday afternoon. The victim is James Morris, who had been sent by a man named Byrne to detain on goods of his (Byrne's) two brothers-in-law, Neil and Charles O'Donnell, furniture brokers. Whilst engaged in removing goods, Morris was stabbed and slain by Neil O'Donnell with a provision dealer's large knife. In the scuffle Neil O'Donnell had two of his fingers nearly cut off. Both the O'Donnells are in custody, Charles for interfering with the police.

The family of the Marquis of Exeter has been placed in mourning by the death of his lordship's eldest son, Lord Edward Henry Cecil. The deceased was born on Christmas-day, 1834, and was therefore not quite twenty-eight years of age. At an early age he entered the navy, and became a lieutenant in 1855, and commanded in 1857.

DRUNKENNESS AND TRICKERY.—In several cases, within a few days past, a middle-aged Highlander here has practised successfully a rather ingenious dodge for obtaining his "morning drink" gratuitously. With an air of the most perfect innocence, he walks into the shop of some respectable licensed grocer pretty early in the morning, and when perhaps only one or two shopmen or lads are in the place. His first query is to ask, "Has Jamie Stuart been here?" On being answered in the negative, he resumes, "Aye, but o'clock may ye be a'int? Jamie shud a' been here to meet me or noo. Ye see we wur speakin' o' buyin' a gallon o' spirits, an' he was to meet me here to settle about it. Ye'll be a'right, wud ye?" Of course the answer is affirmative, when he proceeds to say, "They wud maybe lat' in try half a pint." The half-gill being produced and discussed with evident relish, he begins to get impatient for "Jamie Stuart," but suddenly asks, "Has ye a bit jarrie?" "Yes." "Aweel, jist ye pit in a gallon intill, an' he mun be here the noo." While his order is being attended to, he sallies to the door with the air of a man very anxious to catch sight of a missing companion. And this is the first sight the shopkeeper sees of him, unless, we believe, in one case where he went back in an obfuscated state to meet "Jamie Stuart" a second time, but made a very quick retreat on discovering his mistake.—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

Provincial News.

YORKSHIRE.—COURAGEOUS CONDUCT OF AN OLD LADY.—The other morning, about two o'clock, an elderly maiden lady, Miss Marshall, residing at Norton, near Malton, was awoken by a burglar. The man was kneeling at the foot of the bed, and had his hand between the bed and the mattress. It is supposed in search of Miss Marshall's purse. It is presumed that the man had been secreted in the house, as he had possessed himself of the front door key, and had obtained a candle with which he had hunted up his booty. Miss Marshall and a maid-servant were the only occupants of the house. On being awoken, Miss Marshall asked the burglar what he wanted, and he replied, "Money!" The man turned coward and retreated downstairs, closely followed by the old lady. The fellow had taken a poker from one of the rooms with which to defend himself, and on leaving the house locked the door outside, and took away the key. Miss Marshall at once opened a window and jumped out in pursuit, but being at a great distance from the ground she received severe injuries, which stunned her and disabled her from giving chase or alarm for some time. The fellow therefore got clear, and went in the direction of Scarborough, the poker being found on the road in the morning. The burglar did not succeed in obtaining either money or plates, but he has secured about £50 worth of jewellery, consisting of a gold watch, lockets, chains, rings, pins, and sundry articles.

LANCASHIRE.—AN INHUMAN MURDER.—At the Preston Borough Police-court, Margaret Marsden, the wife of an able-bodied pauper, employed on the Moor, under the Preston board of guardians, was brought up and charged with the following barbarous act. A week previous she came home in a state of intoxication, and, while no one was in the kitchen but a little lad, she took up her female infant, and deliberately threw it on the kitchen fire. She then left the house. The lad who witnessed the inhuman act ran into another part of the house and alarmed the child's grandmother, who hastened into the kitchen and snatched the infant from the flames, but not before the little creature had been frightfully burned on the lower part of the body. Mr. Pilkington, surgeon, stated, that although the infant was progressing favourably, he could not pronounce it out of danger till the lapse of another week. The prisoner was therefore remanded.

SURREY.—EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.—On the evening of the 11th inst., an inquiry was held at the Town-hall, Guildford, touching an occurrence which has created a good deal of excitement in the neighbourhood—viz. the death of a boy named James Keene, aged twelve years. On the previous evening deceased and another boy named Bendall had been washing a chaise together, belonging to Mr. Hart, Guildford; and when the job was finished they went to Mr. Hart's stables. About ten minutes afterwards the report of a gun was heard in the stable, and Bendall, when spoken to immediately after, at the stable door, stated that Keene had shot himself and afterwards placed the gun in the cupboard. A surgeon was called in but the death of Keene must have been instantaneous. Suspicion naturally fell on Bendall, and this was so far confirmed by the medical evidence, according to which the deceased had received a wound extending from the neck into the mouth, causing a fracture of the lower jaw, driving the whole of the teeth into the neck, and destroying the roof of the mouth on the left side. He could not have placed the gun back after such a wound. Subsequently, however, Bendall admitted having placed the gun back himself, and one of the jury, a practical gunmaker, remarked that it was possible the gun might have gone off from part of the composition being on the nipple without another cap being placed on it, and he knew a gunmaker who lost his fingers in this manner. It also appeared that the two boys had always been on the best terms with each other, and, in particular, on the day in question, had not been quarrelling or had any words with each other. The verdict of the jury was, "That the deceased James Keene, came by his death from a gun-shot wound, but how and by whom it was inflicted, there was no evidence to show."—*Globe*.

DEVONSHIRE.—ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE.—An attempt to commit one of those now too frequently recurring double crimes was made on Saturday morning last, at the Great Western Docks, Plymouth. About seven o'clock, an old Irishman and his wife were there standing on the pier, apparently for the purpose of taking a passage in one of the Cork Company's steamboats, which was lying alongside, when the old man suddenly threw his wife overboard, and then jumped into the water himself. The woman fell into a boat that was floating there, and fortunately escaped with but a few bruises. The man, who made no attempt to save himself, but lay on his face with his head under water, was promptly dragged out by some workmen, and conveyed to the police-station at the Guildhall, from whence he was taken to the workhouse, where he remains until he is brought before the magistrates for examination. His wife went to Stonehouse, where it appears they have some relations living. The old couple are said to have come over here from Cork only about a fortnight since.—*Western Morning News*.

IRELAND.

A FEW days ago two threatening notices were received through the Post-office of Kilmallock by Mr. Smyth and Mr. Daly, the owners of threshing machines, threatening them with the death of the late Mr. Fitzgerald if they hired them out. The notices also stated that the vigilance of the police, or the ingenuity of a most respectable magistrate who took a very active part in bringing to justice the murderers of Mr. Fitzgerald, would prevent the writers of the notice from carrying their treat into execution, if their mandate was not complied with.

On the 10th inst. Mr. Mahony, accompanied by Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Chubbstown, near Killarney, went out shooting, and were for some hours thus engaged on their own property, convenient to McGillicuddy's Reeks. Mr. Mahony, who was remarkably cautious on such occasions, used a double-barrelled gun, to which he was accustomed, and the day passed most agreeably. As they were returning home, however, about half-past five in the evening, and within a distance of five miles from Culina, one of the barrels, which was heavily loaded, suddenly discharged, lodging its contents, a little below Mr. Mahony's knee. Sir Rowland at once examined the wound, and was unceasing in his endeavours to stop the flow of blood, but his exertions were fruitless. The leg was completely shattered, and no hopes were entertained of his rallying from the shock. A few hours afterwards he died.

THE NEW POACHING ACT.—This measure has been discovered to be seriously defective. It is doubtful, from the wording of the statute, whether a policeman, to carry out its provisions, can go a step beyond the county, borough, or place to which he is appointed. The right of search, also, is said to be restricted to any highway, street, or public place, so that if a poacher is on private land he cannot be touched. If he sees a policeman coming towards him on the highway, he has only to get on the other side of the hedge into a field, and he cannot be molested.

A LION LOOKS.—As the menagerie of M. Reuz was a few days back proceeding from Hanover to Giesstendorf, the horse harnessed to the caravan which contained the lion took fright and dashed off at a rapid pace. The vehicle was overturned, and the lion contrived to get loose. Fortunately, the keeper did not lose his presence of mind, and managed, partly by caresses and partly by force to induce the formidable animal to re-enter its cage, where it was secured with ropes until the woodwork was repaired.

HORRID MURDER AT THE PORTLAND CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT.

An inquest was recently held at the Portland Convict Establishment, before Mr. F. C. Steggall, on the body of Charles Evans, aged thirty-nine, the master shoemaker, and a warder in the prison. It appeared that it is usual for the convicts to eat their meals separately in their several cells. Their dinners are given them in a can, and after they are locked in, a knife, for the purpose of enabling them to cut their meat, is placed under each of their doors. After they have been locked up an hour, their cans and knives are collected. The one o'clock bell was rung as usual, when warder Evans the deceased, took three of the convicts to collect their cans and knives in No. 1 Ward, E Hall. They had collected from four or five wards when they came to that where a convict of the name of Alfred Freedy was confined. The warder unlocked the door, and Freedy presented himself with his can and knife, but instead of placing his can in the tray which two of the convicts were taking round to receive it, he dropped it on the floor. The third convict who was with the warder then held out his hand for the knife, when Freedy pushed him on one side, seized the warder by the neck with his left arm, and with the knife in his right hand cut a deep gash under the warder's right ear, severing the jugular vein, the carotid artery, and the great nerve of the neck. The two convicts carrying the tray immediately seized him, and compelled him to let go his hold of Evans and to drop the knife. They both said that when the knife was in Evans's neck, Freedy moved his hand as if he was twisting the knife round. Evans, when released, ran forward several paces, and was led down to a room in the infirmary, where he immediately expired. No reason can be assigned why the act was committed. None of the witnesses examined had ever heard that any dispute or altercation had taken place between the deceased and his murderer. Evans, the deceased, had been a warder at Portland eight years, and was greatly respected, not only by the officers of the prison, but also by the well-conducted convicts. He has left a widow and three young children.—The jury, having heard the evidence, returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Freedy, and the coroner issued his warrant for his committal to Dorchester for trial.

EXECUTION AT LIVERPOOL.

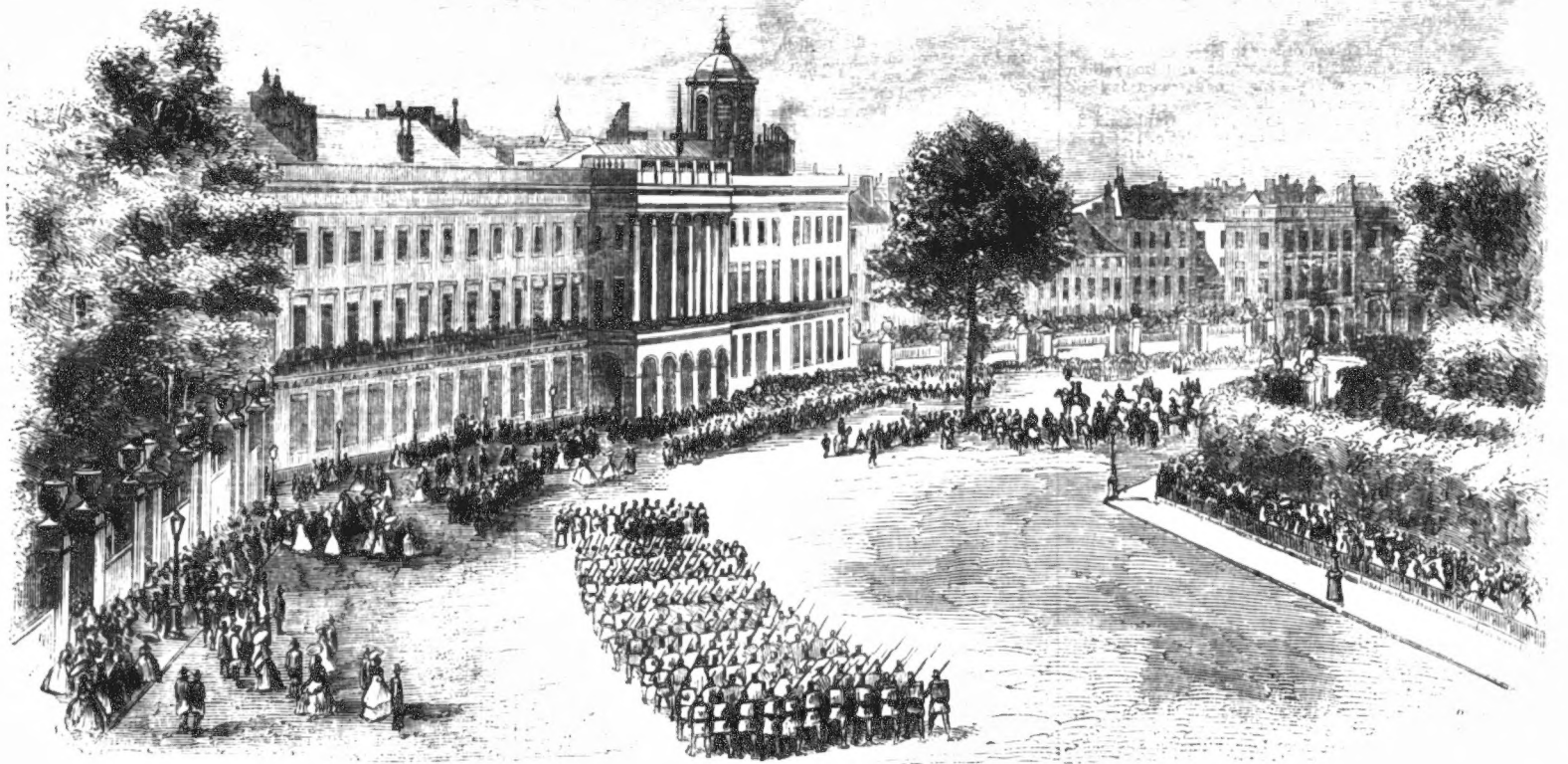
WILLIAM ROBERT TAYLOR, the murderer of Mr. Evan Meller, of Manchester, and Ward, one of the murderers of the policeman Jump, at Ashton-under-Lyne, were executed at noon on Saturday, in front of the gaol at Kirkdale, near Liverpool. Not long after Taylor's marriage, and when residing at Bideford, Taylor forged his father-in-law's name to an acceptance for £20, and the exposure and disgrace of this transaction ultimately caused his removal to Manchester, where he commenced business as a provision dealer in Strangeways. Mr. Meller, an estate agent, was the agent for the Strangeways shop. On the 19th of January, in the present year, a boiler explosion occurred on the premises, and one of Taylor's children was killed by the accident. From this moment Taylor seemed to regard Meller as the murderer of his child, and Meller's refusal to give any compensation for the accident, and his subsequent demands upon Taylor for rent, excited a thirst for revenge in the misguided man's breast, which was appeased only with the life of Meller. Taylor's influence over his wife was so great that she appears to have been a complete and willing tool in his hands from the first to the last of the atrocities in which they were engaged. In the first instance the three surviving children by Taylor's first wife were destroyed, and then Taylor and his wife went to the office of Meller, where the unfortunate agent was assailed by Taylor with a large butter knife, and killed upon the spot, seven or eight wounds having been inflicted in the vital parts, and the heart being cut right through. By the direction of Mr. Justice Wilde, the deaths of Taylor's children were not entered into at the recent assizes. Meller's murder alone forming the subject of investigation. The jury, taking a merciful view of the wife's part in the affair, acquitted her, but found the husband guilty of murder.

The crime for which Burke and Ward were condemned was that of murdering an officer of the county constabulary, named Jump, at Ashton-under-Lyne. Burke and Ward, with six other men, had been engaged in the destruction by night of several thousands of bricks which belonged to a manufacturer who had rendered himself obnoxious to the union of which they were members, and it was on their return from this act of spoliation that they were met by the officers, and that Jump was shot. An intimation was received from the Home-office that Burke would be reprieved.

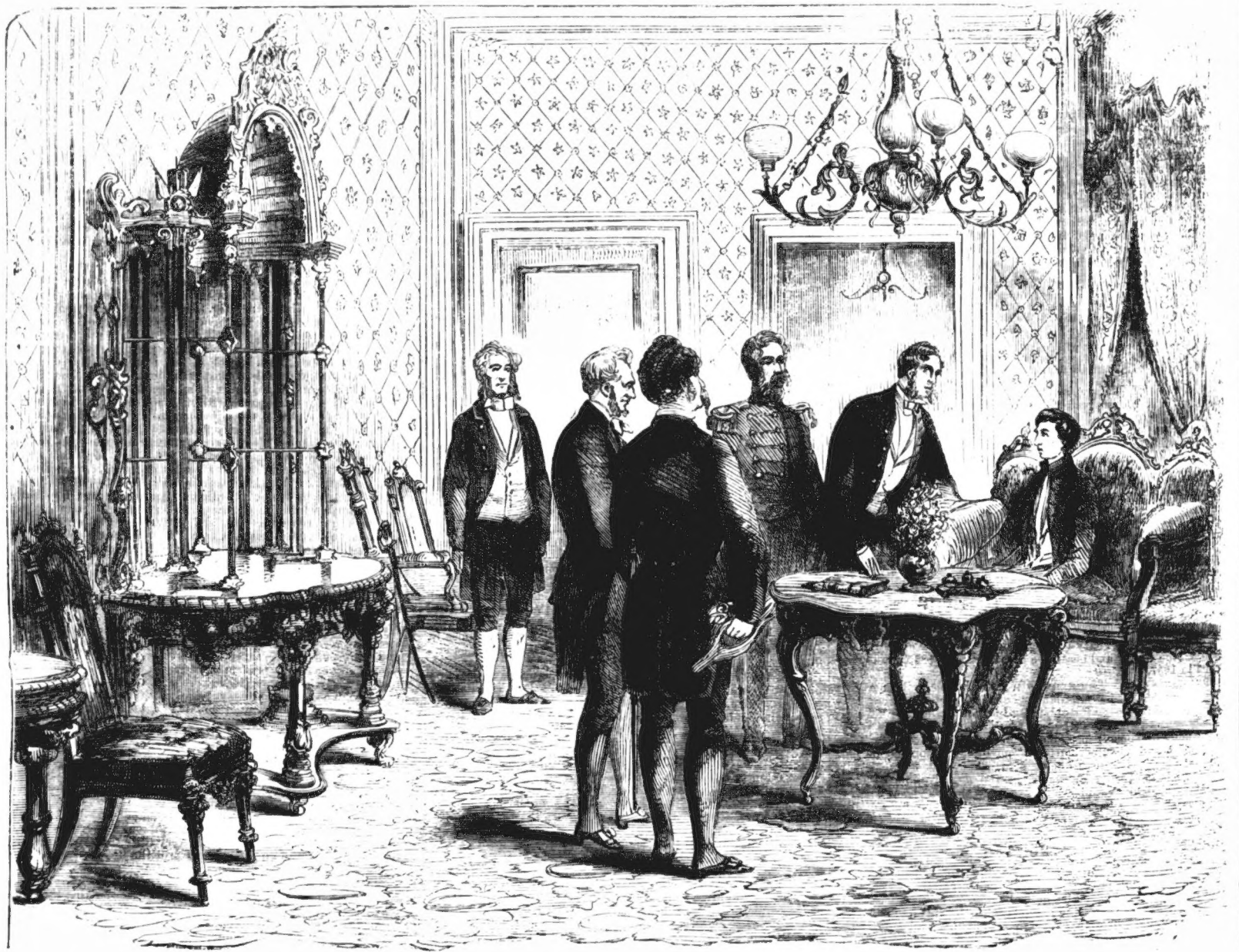
About ten o'clock on the Friday night both the condemned prisoners retired to bed, and passed an apparently comfortable night. About six o'clock on Saturday morning both men arose and took breakfast, after which the Rev. Mr. Appleton, the gaol chaplain, spent some time with them in earnest and religious conversation. Taylor appeared considerably softened during the interview, but did not make any statement which tended to throw light upon the murder of his children. By half-past eleven the fields in front of the scaffold were densely packed with human beings, the excited and eager multitude being constantly swollen in number by the arrivals of fresh people, who poured through all the roads leading to the gaol, as well as from the adjacent station of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. Shortly before twelve the scaffold door was thrown open, and Calcraft, the governor of the gaol, and one or two other officials appointed and examined for a few moments the apparatus of death. Calcraft was dressed in black, wore a gold watch guard, and with his hands in his pockets walked about, with a cool, business-like air which under other and less horrible circumstances would have been amusing. He appeared to be regarded with that differential horror which usually attaches to his movements. At a few minutes after twelve he re-appeared with the condemned criminals, both of whom walked firmly forward upon the scaffold. Mr. Wright and the Rev. Mr. Appleton were also present. Taylor was dressed in the same suit of black which he wore during his trial at the assizes. He came for a moment to the front of the scaffold, and leaned over as if with the intention of addressing the crowd, but Mr. Wright having spoken to him he appeared to relinquish the idea, and placed himself under the beam. Ward stood by his side, and taking off his cap threw it amongst the crowd. His eye roved over the immense mass of upturned faces for a few minutes with a restless and slightly terrified expression, but he afterwards became more composed, and audibly joined in the prayers uttered by the clergyman. Taylor, during the few minutes that passed before the cap was put over his head, turned two or three times and spoke earnestly to Mr. Wright, who appeared to be administering words of comfort to him. When his face was covered and his arms adjusted Taylor bowed two or three times, and then bid a final adieu to the world. Whilst Calcraft was engaged in adjusting the cap and rope upon Ward, the wretched criminal was still heard exclaiming, "Lord have mercy upon us." When all was ready Calcraft shook them both by the hand, and having stepped back withdrew in rapid succession bolt after bolt, and the culprits hung lifeless in the air. Taylor appeared to suffer very little, but Ward died more hardly. In about an hour afterwards the bodies were cut down, and buried within the precincts of the gaol.

Since the execution it has transpired that, in an interview which Mr. Wright had with Taylor, the latter declared that his children were not destroyed by chloroform, or by the application of wet clothes, but that he had given them a "simple medicine"; but what this was he declined to divulge.

The crowd attending an execution in Liverpool was never so great as on this occasion, and the numbers were variously estimated at from 60,000 to 100,000.



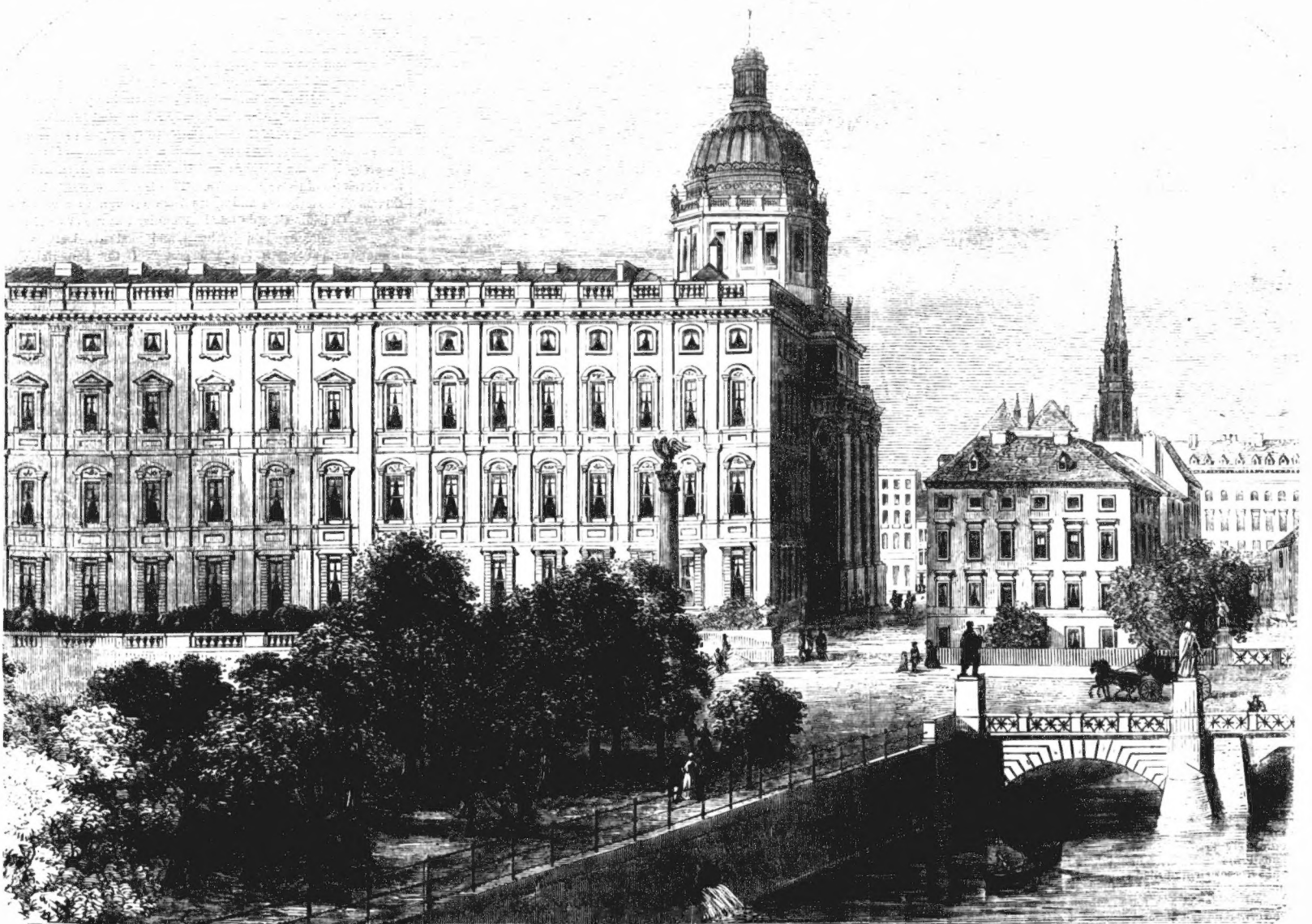
ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE PALACE BRUSSELS. (See page 790.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PRIVATE APARTMENT AT THE PALACE BRUSSELS (See page 790.)



TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF EARL RUSSELL AT DEUTZ, NEAR COLOGNE. (See page 790.)



ONE OF THE KING'S PALACES IN BERLIN. (See page 790.)

The Court.

Sir John Bowring, writing from Homburg, says:—"I have had an opportunity of hearing a good deal of the future Queen of England, and all that I hear is favourable. She is amiable, graceful, pretty, accomplished, and a favourite of those who know her. The young Prince saw her first stealthily, his presence not being announced to her. The Prince afterwards met her at the Duchess of Cambridge's villa, near Frankfurt, and the impression made was deep, and, it is to be hoped, will be lasting."

The Danish *Fædrelandet* says:—"We are informed that Prince Christian has just received an autograph letter from Queen Victoria, in which her Majesty formally solicits the hand of the Princess Alexandra for the Prince of Wales."

The Prince of Wales, the Belgian Royal Family, and the Prince and Princess of Denmark were present on Monday at the review and great manoeuvres of all the troops in garrison at Brussels. The crowd of spectators was extremely large.

We understand that the Prince of Wales's marriage to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark has been privately settled at Brussels, that it is one based entirely upon mutual affection and the personal merits of the young Princess, and that it is in no way connected with political considerations. The late Prince Consort, whose sole object was the welfare and happiness of his children, had been long convinced that this was a most desirable marriage. The knowledge of this is itself a source of deep gratification to the Queen, and will be most satisfactory to the country. —Times.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

In continuation of our plan of giving a series of scenes in Germany, &c., in connection with the Queen's visit, the first this week is a view of the temporary residence of Earl Russell at Deutz, which is on the Rhine, opposite to Cologne, to which it is connected by a bridge of boats. Cologne itself is proverbially ill-built and filthy. Below is the Royal Palace in Berlin, the residence of the King of Prussia.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRUSSELS.

In another portion of our paper is given an account of the reception of the Prince of Wales at Brussels. From sketches taken by our artist, we are enabled to give our readers an idea of the appearance of the palace immediately after his arrival. This building is plain, and its general aspect not at all remarkable. The interior, too, offers little worthy of inspection beyond the usual suites of royal saloons and apartments, which are very superbly furnished, and covered with rich velvet, satin, and gilt. One of the apartments devoted to the Prince is depicted below. The paintings are neither numerous nor very valuable, with the exception of Van-dyke's "Chapeau de Valours." Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is about fifty miles E. by S. from the sea, on the river Seine. The city, when viewed from the west, presents a picturesque amphitheatre of houses; and the great inequality of the elevation of its site has often induced a comparison with Naples and Genoa. The upper town contains the Royal Court and Government offices, the park, and the finest squares, streets, and hotels, and the mansions of the higher classes. The central and lower town comprises chiefly the leading and operative portion of the population. In the neighbourhood is the ever memorable field of Waterloo.

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES, No. 9.—ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

THIS is a stupendous peak of rugged greenstone, in Mounts Bay, about one mile north of Marazion, from which place it may be reached eight hours out of the twenty-four (it being at high water surrounded by the sea) by a paved causeway, 1,200 feet in length. It is near a mile in circumference, and is 250 feet in height, partially covered with buildings, and surmounted by a chapel. The Mount was visited by the Queen in 1846. It has been the scene of many violent struggles, during the reign of Henry VI. The Earl of Oxford, flying from the battle of Barnet, obtained admission to the castle in the disguise of a pilgrim, and assisted by several of his followers, raised the Lancasterian standard. Forces sent against him failed to effect his capture, and he was then bribed to surrender. During the civil wars the Royalists who held it, succumbed to the Parliamentary troops.

IMPALEMENT OF A CHILD.—An inquest was held before Dr. Lankester, the Central Middlesex coroner, at the Bank of England Tavern, Cambridge-place, Paddington, on Monday, touching the death of Sarah Jane Finner, aged three years, the infant daughter of James Finner, a waiter, lodging at 66, Hampden-street, Harrow-road. The evidence of a printer's boy, named Webb, of 63, Hampden-street, was to the effect that on the previous Wednesday, about five p.m., as he was passing along the opposite side of Hampden-street, he saw the child leaning half way over the balcony on the first floor. In another instant she fell down headlong from the balcony on to the iron railings, on which she struck her head. She then fell from the railings into the garden. Mrs. Finner, the mother, ran out from the house and picked the child up in an insensible state. He (Webb) ran for a doctor. Mrs. Finner said she left her children together on the first floor, where they lived, with the window open at the bottom. The eldest child was seven years old, the next four, and the deceased three. The balcony was of the ordinary kind, and as safe as the most of them. Her attention was attracted to the deceased lying in the garden by the screams of her other children. Shortly after the dreadful occurrence a medical man arrived and strapped up a terrible wound in the head, caused by the iron spikes. She then took her to St. Mary's Hospital, where she died in an hour after admission. Mr. J. M. Packer, house surgeon at the hospital, deposed that he attended the deceased on being brought into the hospital. She had a severe punctured wound penetrating the skull and entering into the brain. She was in a state of coma, and died within an hour. The coroner in remarking upon the shocking nature of the case, thought there was no evidence to show that anyone was to blame, and the jury returned a verdict "That deceased died from a wound in the head from falling upon an iron railade."

ROBBERY, SEDUCTION, AND MURDER.—The Court of Assizes of the Tarn-et-Garonne, France, has just tried a young man named Barthélemy Dumas, aged twenty-four, for the murder of his father by poison, in June, 1861; a servant girl named Berge, was also charged as an accomplice. It appeared from the evidence that the victim of this crime lived at Lavit (Tarn), where he possessed considerable property. He had two sons, who resided with him, and several servants, of whom the female prisoner was one. Young Barthélemy led a very dissolute life, and frequently robbed his father to obtain money for his debaucheries. He had also seduced the female prisoner, and expressed his readiness to marry her, but his father would not hear of it. The guilty pair then determined to poison the old man, and gave him a quantity of arsenic in his soup, in consequence of which he died, on the 10th of June, 1861. No suspicion of poison was entertained for some time, until the female prisoner, not having been able to get the young man to marry her, began to utter vague threats against him. She was accordingly arrested, and then confessed that Barthélemy had poisoned his father. When taken into custody, the latter admitted that his father had died of poison, but threw all the blame on his accuser. Both adhered to their stories to the last, but certain collateral evidence was found which threw the actual commission of the crime on the male prisoner. He was accordingly found guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to hard labour for life. The female was acquitted.

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NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D. D.		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
				A. M.	P. M.
20	S	Battle of Alma, 1854.		11 35	
21	S	14th Sunday after Trinity.		0 5	0 25
22	M			0 50	1 10
23	T	Autumn begins, 7h. 23m. a.m.		1 30	1 45
24	W			2 5	2 20
25	T			2 40	2 57
26	F	Day and night equal.		3 15	3 35

MOON'S CHANGES.—23—New Moon 8h. 57m. p.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning. Evening.

21.—Jeremiah 5; Matthew 22. 21.—Jeremiah 22; Romans 16.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- Z.—The nonpresentment of the notes for payment to the maker hereof, on their becoming due, will not afford a defence to an action for the recovery of the amounts secured by the documents.
- EMMA.—Girls usually cease growing in height before eighteen. Five feet is a stature that suits a delicate figure. Since you write so graciously, we recommend you to be more attentive to orthography.
- H. S.—A morignatic marriage is one that is celebrated with the understanding that the issue of such marriage will not inherit the estate or title of the father. Such a marriage does not sanction the having two wives at the same time.
- BACHMAN.—A marriage licence is obtained at Doctors' Commons for £2 11s. 6d. It is available within the Archbishop of Canterbury's diocese.
- X. X.—Women are more numerous in England than men.
- A WUE.—The baptism having taken place prior to the establishment of the General Registry-office for births, deaths, and marriages, there is no general public office where the entry of the registry thereof can be searched for.
- B.—A second husband is only liable to pay the debts contracted by his wife during her widowhood.
- T. T.—The last woman hanged at Newgate was Martha Browning. She was executed on the 5th of January, 1846.
- H. W.—A widow has no claim on the Government because three of her sons may be serving in the Life Guards.
- AMAVIS.—Whatever is upon the premises should be destroyed for the rent due; but possession cannot be recovered until the expiration of the term agreed on, unless the premises should be vacated, when possession may be given by a police magistrate if six months' rent be then in arrear.
- A KENTISH MAN.—It is the fine old chapel at Sudley Castle which contains the remains of Catherine Parr, the last Queen of Henry VIII.
- W. BARNESLEY.—The churchwardens may institute a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court for the recovery of the church-rate, when the validity of the same may be fully entered into; but if they succeed therein, our correspondent will be condemned in the costs occasioned thereby.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER, 20, 1862.

We might ransack history and not find a parallel for the military disasters of the Northern States of America. There have been great invasions, which have been terminated with more terrible results to the invading army. The retreat of the French army from Moscow surprises in tragic interest all reverses of modern years, and at all times a defeated army of invaders has fared badly at the hands of its infuriated enemies. But the failure of the Federals is unique. It is unmarked by a single success. The battle of Marengo, at the point when it was considered a defeat by Napoleon, was turned into a victory by the cavalry charge of Kellerman. Frederick the Great rode from the field of Mollwitz in dismay at the success of the Austrians, to be recalled next morning by the intelligence that his infantry had retrieved the fight. But these battles of a former time were affairs measured by hours. The turns of success were rapid, and the decisive moment came before the commanders had time to sit down and write long accounts of the operations. Some of Napoleon's brief three-line bulletins were certainly reversed by results, but the more elaborate reports were forced into truth as to the issue. This is not the case with "a week of battles" and the successive days of fighting with which the American war is making us familiar. Its conflicts cover such a surface of ground, and bring such immense numbers of men into collision, that many of the engagements of the era of Napoleon are dwarfed into skirmishes by the comparison. If an American general pauses to claim a victory, on paper, he may be justified in doing so at the moment; but the battle may be only one of a series; the next day fortune may cancel her favour by a defeat, and the triumphant despatch becomes, virtually, a falsehood. The American people have had such frequent experiences of this kind that they have for some time received reports of Federal victories with considerable misgiving, and lately even with alarm. Thus the last mail did not leave the community jubilant at General Pope's description of his victory in the second battle of Bull's Run, fought on the 29th of August. A day's reflection on the details, we are told, changed doubt in dismay, and at Washington "public confidence in General Pope was much shaken." From the unfortunate

proximity of the Federal city to the scene of action, the inhabitants possessed—we dare not say enjoyed—peculiar facilities for coming to an accurate conclusion. The war had been rolled back to its gates, and the evidences of adverse result had doubtless been crowding into the capital, too visibly correcting the official narrative for any illusions to exist. The report was dated on the 30th of August; on the evening of the 29th the Federal army "held more ground than it did in the morning, but not so much as it held at noon;" and on this very qualified advantage the victory seems to have been claimed. The ink of the despatch could not have been dry before even this slight advantage was reversed. During the day of the 30th of August the Confederates attacked General Pope again with increased numbers and unabated fierceness. Through that day and the next the conflict continued; the Federals fought with courage—with sustained obstinacy, and the loss on both sides appears to have been terrible. But the Confederates had been skilfully manoeuvred, and brought superior numbers into the field at the last moment, when most of the Federal reserves had been exhausted. The result is the decided defeat of General Pope; he was beaten back, first on the line of Centreville and Gainesville, and finally within the very defensive works of Washington itself, whether the army can be pronounced "safe" even there remaining doubtful. The Confederates have driven the dragon of invasion into the last recesses of its den, where the utmost it can hope is that it may be permitted to coil itself together, and allowed time to heal its many grievous wounds. The second battle of Bull's Run is therefore as completely a reverse as the first. On the whole, the recent struggle in Virginia is the most creditable to Southern strategy and the most humiliating to the Northern commanders that has occurred during the war. Nothing more contemptible, indeed, than the generalship of the North could be imagined. Pope's command has been a series of blunders. He sacrificed Banks's division, he leaves his head-quarters at the mercy of the Confederate cavalry; he finally permits his whole army to be surprised and outflanked, and at the moment he has concentrated his forces for a great battle, finds that his active enemy is some miles in his rear, burning and destroying, and that only a desperate engagement, in which he must become the assailant, and fight at every disadvantage, can save his army. One by one his positions are forced or turned. The Rapidan, the Rappahannock, Warrenton, Centreville, have been in turn abandoned, until the army can retreat no further. And now the army of the Potomac, the army of Virginia, the army of Shenandoah, and the army of North Carolina, beaten in every encounter, thoroughly demoralised, prostrated by disease and fatigue, and without one leader fit to command a brigade, are cooped up within the twenty miles of entrenchment which are stated to have made Washington impregnable.

M. DE LA GUERRONNIERE in his Bonapartist journal, the *France*, demands a European Congress to settle the affairs of Italy, and he gives as the bases on which its deliberations are to proceed:—"First, the division of Italy into three States united by a Federal tie." These States are in the North a monarchy worthy of the glory of the House of Savoy, with Florence for its capital, and to be augmented eventually by Venetia; in the South, Naples with its Two Sicilies, one of the finest capitals in the world, a magnificent bay, and an immense extent of coast commanding the Mediterranean; and between the two, a Power admirably fitted to unite them without subordinating one to the other. In a word, the Papacy would be the central and commanding power of the Confederation; and in order that it may retain that function, Europe, according to M. de La Gueronniere's proposal, is to guarantee the Pontifical territory, and to secure a reservation of the Pope's sovereignty in the Marches and Umbria with a fixed tribute from the revenues of those provinces. This is quite enough, however, of this precious scheme, and more than enough to reveal its true origin. Of course, M. de La Gueronniere, at the close of his third letter places his hand on his heart, and modestly declares that he cannot pretend to be the interpreter of the Imperial Government. But there can be no doubt that he is now, as he has been so often before, merely the Emperor's cat's paw. He may be disowned, no doubt, as we hope and believe he will be. But whether he is or not, there can be little real uncertainty as to the authorship of the infamous scheme he has been employed to ventilate. It now appears, as many had all along believed, that Napoleon III. is the real, the only serious obstacle to the unity of the new kingdom. It is he, and not Austria or the Pope, that has arrested its progress, and unceasingly plotted and conspired to destroy it. It was he who artificially prolonged the siege of Gaeta, and the military struggle in Southern Italy. It was he who permitted Rome to become the centre of reactionary conspiracies, and the rallying place for murderous gangs of Southern banditti. It was he who quietly consolidated his power there under the pretext of speedy evacuation. So long as the Italians could be cajoled into temporary acquiescence and inaction by vague promises that Rome should be evacuated, these promises were freely given. The hour is gloomy one for Italy, and the Imperial vulture of the Tuilleries appears to dream that his time is almost come, and that he may soon venture to swoop openly on his long-coveted prey. Fortunately for the interests of Italy and the welfare of humanity, it is only a dream. Any serious attempt towards its realisation would be a gigantic and suicidal mistake. We have no fear on this head. The cool and criminal suggestion that Italy should once more be divided over a green table in the interest of the Second Empire, is chiefly interesting from the light it throws on the character and designs of Napoleon III., and the degree in which it will affect his position and influence in Europe. It simply confirms all that his worst enemies have ever said, and will suffice to put Europe effectively on its guard. For the Italians we have no serious fear. M. de La Gueronniere and his "angust inspirer," have been guilty of a fatal anachronism. Their scheme would have revolted the last international morality of diplomatists of the year 1815; and any attempt to carry out such a rapacious, selfish, tyrannical programme would expose its abettors not only to the pity and indignation, but to the contemptuous defiance of Europe.

AMONGST the donations received by the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, in aid of the Lancashire Distress Fund was £1,000 from Baron Rothschild.

FEARFUL FIRE AT SEA AND LOSS OF LIFE.

DETAILED accounts have been published respecting the burning of the Golden Gate steamer, on the 27th of July, when fifteen miles to the westward of Manzanilla. Captain Hudson says:—

"At five in the afternoon when at dinner, the ship was reported to be on fire. I immediately arose from the table, requesting the passengers to remain quiet, and proceeded to the spar deck, when I found a dense volume of smoke coming up from the engine-room airway. All the fire hose of the ship was immediately put into requisition, and worked with all possible energy. The ship was now about three or four miles from the land. I saw at a glance the impossibility of subduing the flames, and immediately put the helm up to run the ship ashore. Men, women, and children were now ordered forward, and probably 100 had reached the forecastle, when the flames spread with such rapidity as to cut off all communication with the after part of the ship. I ordered Mr. Waddle, the chief engineer, to keep the engine moving as long as possible. So rapid was the spread of the flames, however, that the engineers and their men barely escaped with their lives, by forcing a passage through the after freight room bulkhead. At half-past five we grounded about 800 yards from the beach, where there was a heavy surf breaking. Before reaching the shore, the after boats were lowered away and filled with passengers, under charge of my chief officer, Mr. Nolan, who remained by the ship, rendering all possible aid in saving life. In the meantime, life preservers, spars, and everything of a buoyant nature, were furnished to the passengers, thrown overboard, after she struck. The flames spread with such rapidity that the hurricane deck, from the foremast aft, fell with a tremendous crash before reaching the shore and soon afterwards the foremast went by the board. The heat had now become so intense as to compel all who remained to leave the burning wreck, by lowering themselves into the water with lines furnished for that purpose; and many had thrown themselves into the water from various parts of the ship. After all had left, Captain Pearson and myself dropped from the bowsprit, and succeeded, with great difficulty in reaching the beach. I found about eighty had reached the shore with life. All that remained visible of the ship at eight p.m. was her engines, boilers, and wheel-frames. At daylight on the following morning, the 28th inst., we found and buried sixteen bodies, and at eight a.m. we started for Manzanilla, and at noon we reached the terminus of the beach, about five miles from the wreck, and found the roads impassable from the density of the chaparral or brushwood. At three p.m. a boat hove in sight, with which we communicated and sent to Manzanilla for relief. On the morning of the 29th two of our boats reached us and reported that they had saved sixty-four passengers. The St. Louis, touching at Manzanilla early the same morning, and hearing of our disaster, came to our assistance and rescued those who had remained with me on the beach. We had, on leaving San Francisco, 242 passengers and ninety-six crew. There now remain seventy-two passengers and sixty-two crew, making our lost and missing, some of whom may yet be found, 204."

Mrs. Gough, one of the lady passengers, after stating that she was told to get into a boat, proceeded as follows:—"I did so, and as we were being lowered down, the first mate cut the forward rope too soon, thus throwing all of us into the sea, the boat coming keel up. I went under, I know not how far or how long, but when I arose drew a long breath, and seeing a rope which had been thrown from a vessel, caught it, and clung to it until somebody seized hold of and supported me greatly. While in this position, a sailor jumped from the yards into the sea, amidst the drowning mass of human beings, and righted the boat. Everybody now started for the boat, which was nearly half full of water. Getting disengaged from the man who first assisted me, I succeeded in catching another rope, which I afterwards discovered, belonging to the lifeboat, and was dragged in. In our boat we had one seaman, a stewardess, two male passengers, and a little boy and girl. About this time I saw a lady lying dead in the water at the bottom of the boat. As soon as possible she was raised up, but life was entirely extinct. Somebody had, in the confusion of getting into the boat, jumped upon and killed her. She was thrown overboard. Most of the passengers in our boat, finding we were drifting to sea, began screaming in the wildest manner. Some tried to repeat snatches of prayers, in the midst of which they broke into wild and blasphemous language. We were now a good way out to sea, and saw a boy and a large fat man swimming towards our little craft. Unable to take them in, we requested that they would cling to the boat. The boy, who was one of the hands on board the steamer, did so for some distance; but the fat man, who was on a life preserver, wanted to come in, and had to be beaten back by a rope, as the chances were, did we let him in, our already swamped vessel must go under water. He hung on for two hours and a half. We now saw a boat making for us, the first thing like relief seen. When the boat hailed us not a man on board was able to reply—no one, in fact, for some time being able to manage the boat, all weeping, praying, and yelling, showing the most abject cowardice, not one on board having ability or nerve enough to bale out the boat. The boat which came alongside contained about eight persons. I got into this boat, and we started for shore, they having placed me at the stern to pilot them. The sun was just setting, and we had rowed about an hour, when we discovered a boat signalling us with a white flag. We waited till she came up, when some one in our boat cried out, 'Hold on, that's the first mate; we're all right; he knows the shore.' On inquiry we found the boat was full of drowning men. The first mate said it was impossible to land on account of the breakers, and that we would have to steer for Manzanilla—that it was only twelve hours' rowing. He rose up in the boat with an oar in his hands, and said he only came along for women and children, and the first man that stirred he would brain with the oar. On going on board Mr. Nolan's (the first mate) boat I met Messrs. Fox and Holladay, the latter very much injured by one of the wheels of the vessel having struck him. Mr. Nolan ordered our swamped boat to be relieved and baled out, and it was discovered she had sprung a leak. By aid of a couple of pocket-handkerchiefs and the tearing up of a portion of my dress I was enabled to furnish sufficient to caulk the boat. After the leak had been stopped as well as possible, Mr. Nolan called for seamen, and having properly distributed them between the boats, took the women and children and disabled passengers, and got possession of the newly-caulked boat, she still being considered the most seaworthy, and also the fastest. The other boat was manned by ordinary seamen; and, after having cried out if all was ready, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, both put again to sea. The women and children were placed in the stern of the boat, the first mate taking the centre and directing. When we were nearly opposite Manzanilla, the other boat, with twenty three on board, parted from us. The keenest eye could not penetrate the darkness, and the only evidence of land manifest was the hoarse roar of the breakers. We drifted along with the tide till about three o'clock, when all became low spirited, and the sailors, wearied, had to rest on their oars. We remained in this listless condition until four o'clock brought in the breaking morn, when we discovered we were thirty-five miles south of Manzanilla. All on board—particularly the women and children—were suffering from thirst and lack of food. The first mate on looking round discovered a rock, indicating the entrance to Manzanilla harbour, and the men now bent themselves to their oars with renewed vigour, and our craft succeeded in entering the harbour at half-past one on the afternoon of the 28th, and found that the third mate's boat and passengers had arrived an hour before us. In the harbour was the brig Minerva, which was requested to make for the scene of the wreck; but all appeals were useless, the inhuman commander would not stir an inch. About four

o'clock a schooner, commanded by a French captain, sent a boat on shore, and reported that he had picked up a French passenger belonging to the Golden Gate. This man had been in the water for twenty-four hours, and when discovered was fast asleep, with a handkerchief thrown over his head to keep off the burning sun, and fully buoyed up by his life-preserver. This captain also picked up the dead body of a child, which was afterwards discovered to be a child of Mr. McMullen, and was interred at Manzanilla. We were suffering from our previous exhaustion, and much afraid of fever, when the welcome sound of the gun of the St. Louis touched our ears, which ship, after having sent ashore some wine and ice, started for the wreck, and returned in about an hour, with sixty of the passengers. We went on board, and remained all night, and found many who suffered fully as much as us. Captain Hudson came to me and said he had rescued a baby, and he wanted me to take charge of it. As everyone seemed to claim it, the rescued passengers by common consent voted the little creature to me. The child had been found floating ashore by a Mr. Gunnison, who took care of it, carrying it in his arms for forty-eight hours, and the only food the little thing could receive was some lager beer, which Mr. Gunnison had administered it from his mouth, having found a cask washed ashore, which he hailed as a grateful offering."

Mr. Holladay says:—"The great majority behaved with great coolness, and maintained their presence of mind and firmness at the most critical moment. One lady, whose name our informant does not know, approached him, bearing an infant in her arms. She said, 'I believe you are Mr. Halliday?' 'Yes, madam.' 'Can you save my child?' 'I don't know, madam, that I shall be able to save even myself.' 'If my children (she had another child three years of age) can be saved, I will consent to be burned in that fire.' As she spoke, she solemnly pointed to the crackling flames as they furiously raged in the centre of the ship. She never left the vessel—perished, probably, by drowning; but her infant and other child were saved."

THE LATE FEARFUL FIRE AT A LIVERPOOL WORKHOUSE.

In last week's number of the *Illustrated Weekly News* appeared the account of a terrible conflagration at the workhouse situated on Brownlow-hill, Liverpool, whereby twenty-three lives were lost. We this week present to our readers a pictorial representation of this terrible catastrophe, and also a short summary of the evidence given at the inquest on the bodies.

Mr. Carr, house-governor of the workhouse, stated that at ten o'clock at night the inmates are, in accordance with the rules of the establishment, locked up in their dormitories by officers specially appointed for the purpose, whose duty it is to report to him if anything be wrong. On Sunday night no report was made. The witness had been walking in front of his own house, which commands a full view of the premises in which the fire took place, and at that time everything appeared right and tranquil. He went to rest immediately after, and about two o'clock on Monday morning he was awakened by a violent ringing at the night-bell of his house. On coming down-stairs, he saw Miss Kennan, who called out that there was a fire in the girls' dormitory. The schoolmistress was only partially dressed when she called witness, and on his arrival at the scene of the fire, he found Lovesday and Power, two officers of the workhouse, together with a police officer and a person named Clayton, who seemed to have heard the alarm about the same time as witness. Witness then gave instructions to get out the hose and the ladders belonging to the establishment. On the ladders being brought witness ordered them to be taken to the window at the north end of the dormitory, and he at once ascended. The smoke was so dense on the window being opened that he could not breathe without stooping his head below the volume, and could not see anything. Witness had to descend to prevent his being suffocated, and a man—one of the inmates of the workhouse—got up, but he also had to come down on account of the suffocating nature of the smoke. Several other of the windows were next attempted, but without any better success. There was no sound of crying or alarm, or of crackling from fire. Witness then went round to the south entrance to the dormitory. Here he also found it impossible to pass into the dormitory through intervening apartments. He then ordered the men to fix the hose, and they were fixed to the standpipes to the number of six or seven. On this being done, he gave instructions for the water to be played into the dormitory through the windows and down the yard over the school-room passage. The destruction of the dormitory and of the lives had been complete before the arrival of the engines. The roof of the dormitory fell in soon after three o'clock, and the fire then began to slacken, the floor being completely flooded. On looking through the dormitory window, the children were seen lying in their cots, evidently dead; but the heat was so intense that it was impossible to get into the apartment. The bodies did not then seem to be much burnt. The inquest respecting the cause of death of the unfortunate nurses and children burnt at the Liverpool workhouse, has terminated. The facts, as narrated elsewhere, were deposited to, and the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," but accompanied it with a presentment declaring the absence of an efficient water supply.

CONVICTION OF A RAILWAY THIEF.

At the Middlesex Sessions, on Thursday, John Spurgeon, aged sixty-two, described as a clerk, was indicted for stealing two spoons, the property of Thomas Mantle. Mr. Tindal Atkinson prosecuted; the prisoner was undefended. This was a robbery committed in the refreshment-room at King's-cross, and was prosecuted by the Great Northern Railway Company, and the facts as described in the evidence were these:—It appeared that, on the 28th of August, the prisoner was seen on the platform of the railway looking at a book-stall, and afterwards he entered the first-class waiting-room, where he remained for upwards of two hours, pretending to be asleep. He then got up and went into the refreshment-room, and sat down at a table which a passenger had just quitted, and had left some of his coffee. The prisoner at once drank up the coffee, and then pulled a newspaper out of his pocket, which he covered over the cruet-stand and two spoons which were on the table, and having pulled out an eye-glass, appeared to be intently reading the newspaper. A police-constable named Ramsley, in the service of the company, happening to be standing behind a glass door, which was partly covered by a curtain, but not recognisable by the persons standing outside, saw the prisoner deliberately take up one of the spoons and put it into his pocket. He then looked round with his glass, and, believing that he was unobserved, put the other spoon into his pocket. He then got up and went away, and was followed by the policeman, who asked him what he had got in his pocket. He said, "Nothing." The policeman said he was not satisfied with his answer, and that he must search him. He was then asked for his address, which he at first refused to give, but afterwards admitted that he lived at the place where the officer stated. He was searched at the railway-station, and the two spoons were taken out of his pocket. He was then taken to the police-station in Platt-street, St. Pancras, and charged with the offence. The prisoner made a rambling statement, a great part of it not having the slightest bearing upon the case, but stating that if he had taken up the spoons he must have done so by accident while taking up the newspaper. He called one witness, who he said had known him for seven years, and he did not know of anything wrong against him. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," and, a previous conviction having been proved against him, Mr. Sergeant Gaselee sentenced him to hard labour for four calendar months.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF DETERMINED SUICIDE—A TRIPLE CASE.

DR. LANKESTER, the coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquest on Monday at the Swan with Two Necks, Finchley, on the body of William Eade, a postman, who was found dead in a pond at Finchley, under the following distressing circumstances:—

Robert Tennant Eade deposed that he was the son of the deceased, who was a postman, aged fifty-three years. His father had been in a desponding state of mind for the last fortnight or three weeks, which had been brought about by something belonging to his club, which preyed upon his mind. He told him once that he would make away with himself. On the previous Wednesday night, between nine and ten, the deceased was found in a pond in Mr. Capper's field. The deceased had been ill in bed all day, but got up about three o'clock in the afternoon, and witness saw him go out at the back of the house between seven and eight. In the morning of that day he (deceased) went down-stairs about four o'clock in his night shirt, and witness followed him to the back door. He went back and dressed himself, and on going into the garden saw his father's legs out of the upper part of the waterbutt. Witness got the head above water and held him till his mother and sister came, and he was then taken up-stairs and put to bed. He was quite delirious, and it was necessary to hold him down. He had become very melancholy recently. When his father went out in the evening it was to give another postman a parcel, and when he did not return witness went to the waterbutt in the garden, and then to the pond, by the side of which his hat and clothes were found. After some search the body was found, and witness identified it as the body of his father. He occasionally got tipsy, and was so the night previous. Witness had no doubt that his father caused his own death.

Mr. Robert Peel, of Whetstone, said that he was in his garden on the Wednesday night, and observed a light near the pond in Mr. Capper's garden. It was then about half-past nine. By the side of the pond he found the last witness and his sister searching for their father, who, they suspected, drowned himself. He assisted in dragging the pond, but they did not then find the body. He went to the house of the deceased, and found a piece of paper lying on the table. That paper he produced, and it contained a statement in the handwriting of the deceased, and referred to his probable speedy death. Witness then went to the police-station, and, with a constable, returned to the pond, in which they ultimately found the body of the deceased. He was quite dead, and there was a piece of string tied tightly round his neck.

Thomas Sellwood, carpenter, of East Barnet, said that the deceased was secretary to a Foresters' lodge, and a case had recently been heard before the county court in which the deceased was much involved. Although he had been much censured by some of the members of the lodge, he had been re-elected to his post. There was no insinuation against his character. Deceased had given notice that he intended to resign.

The Coroner, in summing up, commented upon the extraordinarily determined character of the suicide, he having firstly attempted to drown himself in the water-but; and having been foiled in that attempt by the intervention of his family (who, strangely enough, allowed him to go out alone in the evening), he threw himself into a pond, after endeavouring to strangle himself.

The jury, after a long deliberation, agreed to a verdict, "That the deceased destroyed his life by drowning while in an unsound state of mind."

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

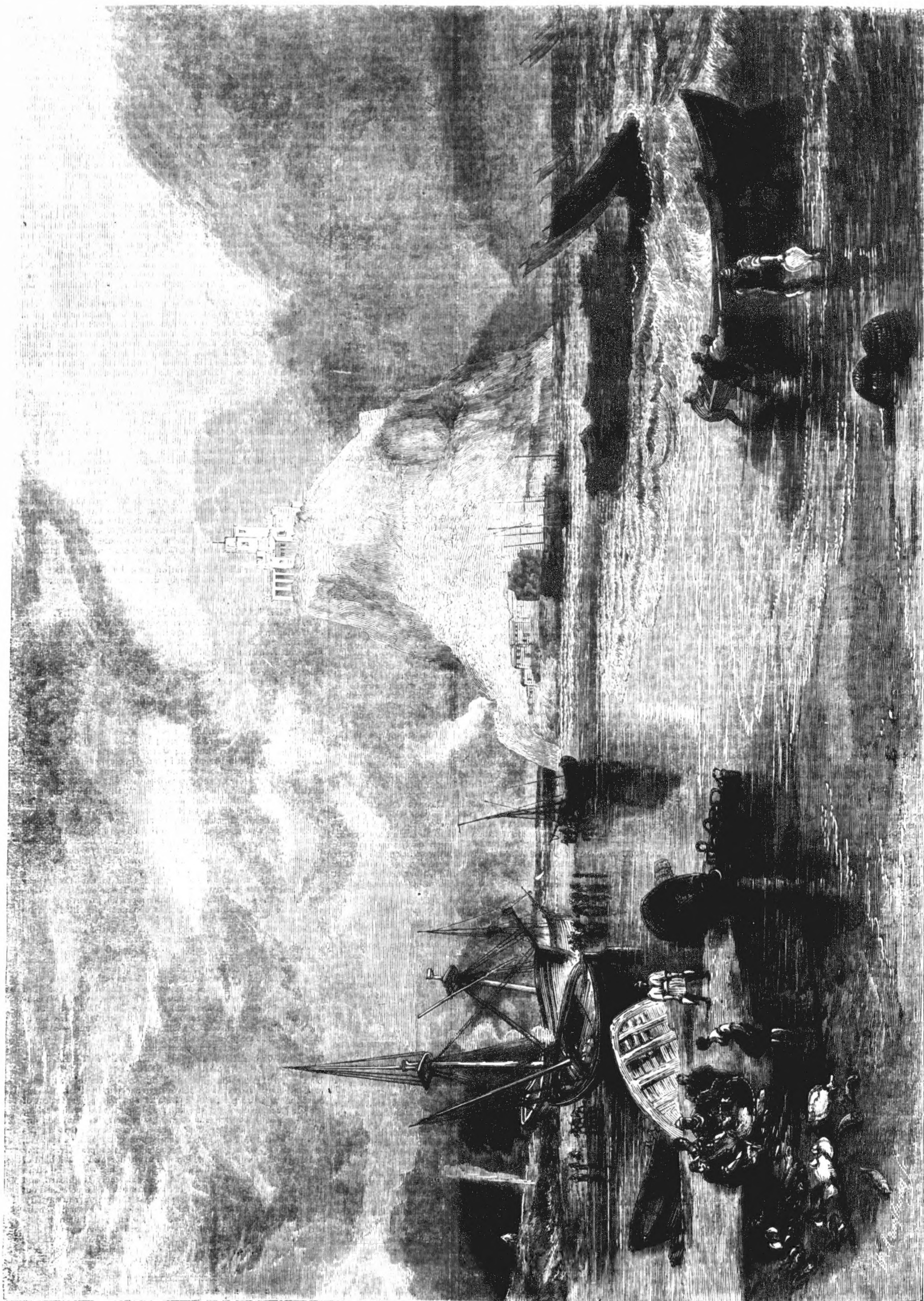
We, this week, in page 793, give a portrait of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. The right honourable and most reverend John Bird Sumner, D.D., was the eldest son of the Rev. Robert Sumner, vicar of Kenilworth, and the grandson of Dr. John Sumner, formerly Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and, consequently, elder brother of the present Bishop of Winchester. He was born at his father's parsonage in 1789, and, consequently, at the time of his decease was in his eighty-third year. In 1810 he was appointed Canon of Durham, and eight years later, being then just forty-eight years of age, he became Bishop of Chester. In this post Dr. Sumner remained till 1848. He took little or no part in parliamentary debates, or even in those subjects such as in this country are known as topics of great national importance. To the general world he was almost unknown; when, therefore, on the death of Dr. Howley in the last-mentioned year, Dr. Sumner was called to the chair of St. Augustine, some little surprise was manifested. The archiepiscopal career of the deceased prelate was almost as sunny as that which preceded it. Addington-park, the archiepiscopal residence, is a beautiful rural abode, situate near Croydon. The cathedral of Canterbury is one of the most magnificent ecclesiastical edifices in the world, and contains several ancient and remarkable monuments, amongst them the tomb of Edward the Black Prince. The spot where A'Beckett was murdered is also much visited by the curious. Many Archbishops of Canterbury are buried in its cathedral, but the three last—Sutton, Howley, and Sumner repose side by side in the parish church of Addington.

On Sunday, thousands of people flocked to the Canterbury Cathedral for the purpose of taking part in the solemn service consequent on the death of the late archbishop, who, however, was not very extensively known in the metropolitan city, his favourite residence being Addington, where he died. From Margate and Ramsgate special trains ran, and from all the stations in the neighbourhood, the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway brought vast masses of people to the city. The cathedral presented a most solemn appearance in consequence of its being hung in mourning. The very Rev. the Dean (Dr. Alford) who is the most popular ecclesiastical dignitary ever connected with the cathedral, and most deservedly so, preached an able sermon founded upon the 73rd Psalm, verse 23, and those following:—"Nevertheless, I am continually with thee, thou hast holden me by the right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory." The sermon was a sublime piece of eloquence—earnest, unaffected, and deeply impressive.

DESPERATE HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE CONVICT.

At the Surrey Sessions Frederick Butler, a ticket-of-leave convict, who was described in the charge-sheet as a sailor, was indicted for assaulting Elizabeth Butcher and putting her in fear of her life; and feloniously, violently, and against her will, stealing from her person a watch and chain, her property at Kingston-on-Thames. The evidence of the prosecutrix showed that on the evening of the 25th of August she was proceeding along a by-road, at Kingston, when she was accosted by the prisoner. After walking a little way he turned round upon her and seized hold of her throat, saying, that unless she gave up her watch and chain quietly he would do for her. She was extremely frightened, and he snatched the property from her and ran off. She screamed out loudly, and shortly afterwards she saw the prisoner in custody. The prisoner here pleaded guilty to the charge, when the chairman was informed that the prisoner had been several times in custody for felonies, and had been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He was out on a ticket-of-leave. The chairman told the prisoner he bore such a bad character that he should sentence him to ten years' penal servitude, which period, no doubt, he would have to serve.

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SEASIDE SKETCHES. No. 9.—ST. MICHAELS MOUNT, CORNWALL. (See page 790.)

SEASIDE SKETCHES. No. 9.—ST. MICHAELS MOUNT, CORNWALL. (See page 790.)



HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, WITH ADDINGTON AND LAMBETH PALACES. (See page 791.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—The lessees, pursuing their admirable plan of nightly change in the performance, have this week given "Lurline," "The Rose of Castile," "Dinorah," and "Maritana," to delighted and crowded audiences.

DURRY LANE.—The worn out "Colleen Bawn" has at length been happily withdrawn, we opine, much to the advantage of the treasury. On Monday evening was produced a dramatic spectacle, entitled, "The Relief of Lucknow," written by Mr. D. Boucicault, on which the lessee has spared no expense, and has availed himself of all the resources of the theatre—Mr. Beverley's acknowledged talent, and several important engagements, including Mr. Ryder, Mr. Swinbourne, and Mr. Charles Vandenhoff (*debutantes*)—in order, if possible, to create another sensation drama. The piece is based on certain incidents of the Sepoy revolt. The scene opens with the terror of a Scotch widow lady, at the threatened outbreak of the natives. Her fears are realised, and her child is carried away by the rebels, to the intense misery of *Jessie Brown*, the Scotch nurse, who is also taken prisoner with her Irish lover, *Cassidy*, a corporal of the 32nd Regiment. The corporal has come to the Hindoo camp on horseback, and, during a revel, *Jessie* contrives to mount the horse with the captive infant, and reaches her friends in safety. The captain of the 48th Highlanders, with his brother and *Jessie*, again fall into the hands of the rebels, and are about to be hung, when *Cassidy* and *Sweeney*, a Cockney drummer, lead their companions up a secret passage in time to secure the three prisoners. The last act represents the interior of the Redan fort, when the besieged are at the last extremity, and when the Scotch ears of the delirious *Jessie* catch the sound of the Highland pipes playing their national air, "The Campbells are coming." A fierce *malee* then ensues, and the curtain descends on the triumph of the relieving forces. The construction and carrying out of the spectacle exhibit but little dramatic power—indeed it is a mere series of disjointed episodes, and not a regular drama. Mrs. Boucicault, as *Jessie*, and Mr. Boucicault, as *Corporal Cassidy*, performed with considerable spirit. The other characters of the piece were creditably sustained.

STRAND.—A new comic drama, entitled, "My Son's a Daughter," was produced here on Monday, supported by Messrs. Parselle, Turner, and Mesdames Josephs and Hughes.

GRECIAN.—One of those thrilling dramas so acceptable to the audiences at this house was produced on Monday, bearing the sensational title of "The Hanged Man." It met with unequivocal success.

VICTORIA.—"George Barrington," dramatised from the popular tale publishing in "Reynolds's Miscellany," was produced here on Monday, and met with a well-deserved success from a house crowded to the ceiling.

MR. CREWICK takes his farewell benefit on Thursday next, at the Surrey Theatre, on resigning the reins of management. Mr. Crewick, certainly one of the best actors now on the London boards, has done much, during a long managerial career at this house, to elevate and promote the profession he so much adorns.

MR. FECHTER, the new lessee of the Lyceum, is most energetic in his preparations for the opening.

MR. JAMES K. GILES, the comedian, happening to be a visitor to the Crystal Palace last week, during Blondin's performance, at once availed himself of that gentleman's offer to take what boys call a pickaback along the rope, to the intense delight of the company present.

The International Exhibition.

On Monday, at a meeting of the Royal Commissioners, held at Earl Granville's house, the question as to the day of closing was finally settled, the date fixed, as we intimated it would be, being Saturday, the 1st of November next. We believe it is known, with as much certainty as calculations for the future can ever ascertain a fact, that if the Exhibition ended on the 18th of October it would leave a considerable deficit to be met by the guarantors. If kept open till the 1st of November, this deficiency will be much reduced, but a deficiency of some £20,000, or perhaps £25,000 is likely to exist even then.

SCENES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

The illustrations in page 796 represent two interesting events of the war now raging in America. One is the junction of Pope's army with that of McClellan, during the falling back upon Washington of the army of the Potomac for the protection of the Federal capital; and the other represents the return of the Confederates to Richmond, after harassing McClellan's force, subsequent to its abandoning the siege of that city.

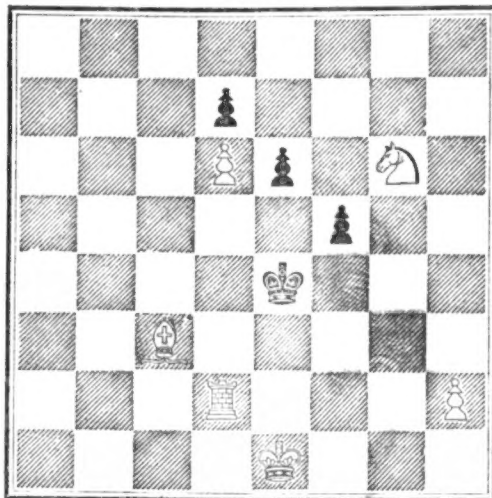
THE RAIN STORM OF SUNDAY.

PROBABLY no rain storm was more clearly indicated several days previously than the heavy rain storm of Sunday last. Attached to the lifeboat house belonging to the National Lifeboat Institution at Teignmouth is a beautiful barometer, which was made by the well-known meteorological instrument makers, Negretti and Zambra, of London, and verified at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, by Mr. J. Glaisher, F.R.S. On Saturday it fell to 29.9, and on Sunday it had fallen to 29.7, with the wind from NE. These readings of the barometer are most clearly indicated on a chart attached to it. Thus, a dot is placed on a ruled scale, corresponding to the reading of the barometer; and a line is drawn daily from the last dot to the new one, and thus successively day by day, from one point to the next, indicating to the experienced sailor, as well as to the fisherman, the changes of the preceding days, as shown by us above. Thus, anyone looking at these charts, and following the lines on them, can at once see the barometer readings of past days, and the tendency of future weather. Thus the National Lifeboat Society confers an inestimable boon on our sailors and fishermen by means of these valuable and accurate instruments, and indeed on the general public also. A few months ago a gentleman asked him his opinion of the probable state of the weather, having observed that the indications of the barometer exhibited a downward tendency. He said that he and his wife had paid their fares for a passage on board a steamer plying between Torquay and Guernsey. Coxswain Bulkeley advised the gentleman not to go by the steamer, as he felt persuaded, judging from the density of the barometer, a gale of wind was approaching. The gentleman did not like this check on his movements, as his friends were expecting him at Guernsey. Of course he was told that he had better disappoint his friends, than run the risk of losing his life in mid-channel. The gentleman took the coxswain's advice, and the next day he had full cause to be satisfied with his resolution; for it then blew a gale of wind from the south-west, with squalls and heavy rain; and on the subsequent day it had increased to a furious gale, with continued heavy rain.

On Tuesday morning information was given of the brutal murder of a female child. A policeman going his rounds in Abchurch-lane had his attention directed to a brown paper parcel, lying on the pavement. It was found to contain the body of a fine child, with a napkin stuffed in its mouth, and the marks of a thick cord round its neck, evidently showing that the child had been brutally murdered.

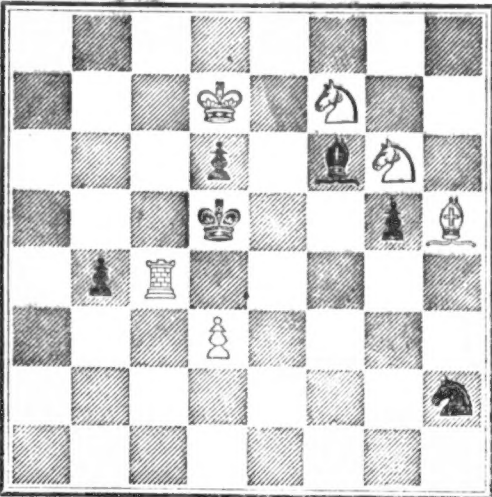
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 55.—By W. B. H. (South Shields.) Black.



White.
White to mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 56.—By J. F. SMITH (Spitalfields.) Black.



White.
White to mate in three moves.

GAME IN THE SERIES BETWEEN LABOURDONNAIS AND M'DONNELL.
(Irregular opening.)

- | White.—Labourdonnais. | Black.—M'Donnell. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to Q 4 |
| 2. P to Q 4 (a) | 1. P to Q 4 |
| 3. P to K 8 | 3. P to K 8 |
| 4. K Kt to B 8 | 4. Q Kt to B 8 |
| 5. P to Q 4 | 5. Q B P takes Q P |
| 6. K P takes P | 6. Q P takes Q B P |
| 7. K B takes P | 7. K Kt to B 8 |
| 8. Q Kt to B 3 | 8. K B to K 2 |
| 9. Castles | 9. Castles |
| 10. K to R square | 10. P to Q R 3 |
| 11. Q R to K 8 | 11. P to Q Kt 4 |
| 12. K B to Q 8 | 12. Q B to Kt 2 |
| 13. K Kt to K 5 | 13. K to R square |
| 14. K B to Q B 2 | 14. Q Kt to Kt 5 |
| 15. K B to Q Kt 8 | 15. Q Kt to Q 4 |
| 16. Kt take, Kt | 16. Kt takes Kt |
| 17. Q to K 2 | 17. P to K B 8 |
| 18. Kt to K B 3 | 18. Q to K square |
| 19. Q R to K square | 19. K B to Q 3 |
| 20. Q B to Q 2 | 20. Kt takes K B P |
| 21. B takes Kt | 21. B takes B |
| 22. K B takes K P | 22. Q to K R 4 |
| 23. P to K Kt 4 | 23. Q to K R 3 |
| 24. P to Q 5 | 24. Q R to K square |
| 25. Q to K Kt 2 | 25. Q R to K 2 |
| 26. Kt to Q 4 | 26. P to K Kt 8 |
| 27. Kt to Q B 6 | 27. Q R to Q B 2 |
| 28. Q R to K 4 | 28. P to K Kt 4 |
| 29. Kt to Q 4 | 29. K R to Q square |
| 30. Kt to K B 5 | 30. Q to K B square |
| 31. K R to Q square | 31. Q R to Q B 4 |
| 32. Q R to Q 4 | 32. K B to K 4 |
| 33. Q R to Q 2 | 33. Q R to Q B 5 |
| 34. Kt to K 3 | 34. Q R to Q B 2 |
| 35. Q to K B 3 | 35. K B to B 5 |
| 36. Q R to Q 3 | 36. Q to Q 3 (b) |
| 37. Kt to K B 5 | 37. Q takes B |
| 38. Q P takes Q | 38. B takes Q (ch) |
| 39. K to Kt square | 39. B takes R |
| 40. B takes R | 40. R to Q B square |
| 41. P to K 7 | 41. R to K square |
| 42. B takes B | 42. K to K square |
| 43. R to Q R 3 | 43. K R 2 |
| 44. B takes Q R P | 44. R to Q B square |
| 45. P to K Kt 3 | 45. B to K 4 |
| 46. P to K R 3 | 46. P to Q Kt 5 |
| 47. K to Kt 2 | 47. B to B 5 |
| 48. K to B 3 | 48. B to K 4 |
| 49. K to K 4 | 49. B to B 5 |
| 50. R to Q R 7 | 50. B to K 4 |
| 51. Kt to K Kt 7 | 51. R to K square |
| 52. Kt takes R | 52. K takes R |
| 53. K to K B 5 | 53. K to B 2 |
| 54. R to Q Kt 7, | |
| and wins | |

NOTES BY MR. MORPHY.

(a) This is not to be commended. In this opening White ought

not prematurely to advance his Queen's Pawn, as many positions may arise when it will become necessary to place it at Q 3.

(b) Black must have won at least a Pawn, by 36. Q R to K 2, for

37. Q to K 4 (a)
38. R takes B
39. R takes R at Q 5
40. B to K 4
41. R takes R
42. P takes P (best)
43. K to Kt square (a)
44. Q to Q B 3 (ch)
45. Q to K B 6
46. K to B square
47. K to Kt 2 (best)
48. Q to Q 8 (ch)
37. Q R to K 2
37. K R to K square
(a)
37. B takes Kt
38. R takes P
39. B takes R
40. R takes B
41. P to K B 4
42. Q to Q R square
43. B takes R
44. K to Kt square
45. Q to Q R 2 (ch)
46. B to Q 6 (ch)
47. Q to K 6
48. K to Kt 2
and as White has no perpetual check, Black must win.
(a)
43. K to Kt 2
44. K to R 3
and Black wins. If White 44. R to K 7 (ch), Black moves 41. K to B square

Sporting.

RACING FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.			
Wordsley . . . 22	Monmouth . . . 25	St. George's (late) . . . 29	
Belford . . . 23	Laurel . . . 25	Pain's Lane . . . 29	
Richmond . . . 23	Manchester . . . 26	Newmarket F.O. . . 30	
Walsall . . . 24			
OCTOBER.			
Chesterfield . . . 1	Royal Caledonian . . . 7	Perth . . . 16	
Edinburgh & L O 1	Hunt & Kelso . . . 7	Gloucester . . . 21	
Felton . . . 6	Newmarket S.O. . . 13	Newmarket II . . . 27	
Bedford . . . 7			

THE DONCASTER RACES.—THE ST. LEGER.

THE St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each.—Mr. S. Hawke's b.c. The Marquis, by Stockwell (Challoner) 1; Mr. Merry's b.c. Buckstone (G. Fordham) 2; Lord Glasgow's ch.c. by Barbatus, Clarissa (J. Osborne) 3; Sir J. Hawley's b.c. Argonaut (Wells) 4; Sir R. Bulkeley's b.c. Old Calabar (W. Boyce); Mr. Capel's b.c. Westminster (H. Grimshaw); Lord Coventry's ch.c. Exchequer (J. Adams); Mr. Eastwood's b. f. Lady Alice Hawthorn (E. Foster); Lord Glasgow's b.c. by Stockwell, Orlando (Aldcroft); Mr. Gordon's b.c. Johnny Armstrong (Doyle); Mr. P. Anson's b.f. Bonny Breast-knot (Withington); Lord Chesterfield's b.c. Canwell (Custance); Mr. Valentine's b.f. Hurricane (J. Goater); Col. Townley's b.f. Imperatrice (Bullock); Mr. E. Hall's b.c. Carisbrook (S. Rogers).—Betting 100 to 30 agst Buckstone, 7 to 2 agst The Marquis, 6 to 1 agst Carisbrook, 100 to 7 each agst Hurricane and Old Calabar, 100 to 6 each agst Argonaut and Stockwell Colt, 20 to 1 each agst Exchequer and Johnny Armstrong, 25 to 1 agst Imperatrice, 1,000 to 30 agst Westminster, 1,000 to 15 each agst Bonny Breast-knot and Canwell, and 1,000 to 10 agst the Clarissa Colt.

AUSTRALIA.—ANOTHER INVITATION TO ENGLISH CRICKETERS.—GEORGE PARR'S ELEVEN.

AN invitation has been received by Mr. George Parr, by the late Australian mail, with proposals to him to visit Australia with eleven cricketers, himself to be the captain. The letter is dated "July 26, Marshall's Cricketing Depot, Swanston-street, Melbourne," and is signed "George Marshall." The proposals are that G. Parr, with his team, should leave England for Australia in September, 1863, and the following names are mentioned when the colonists would like to see over: T. Hayward, R. Carpenter, E. Dalt, J. Jackson, E. Willsher, J. Cesar, G. Griffith, G. Anderson, W. Mortlock, J. Grundy, G. Bennett, J. Lillywhite, W. Caffyn, G. Tarrant, T. Sewell, and T. Lockyer. Twelve matches are to be played in Victoria and New South Wales, as shall be arranged by a committee. The conditions go on to state that £600 shall be remitted to England prior to departure, also the sum of £50 per man as a provision for their wives and families during their absence, should the proposals be agreed to. Arrangements to be made with Messrs. Bright Brothers, Melbourne. The passage to be first-class. The letter mentions that the speculation is likely to realise to each man from £400 to £600. It also states that Griffiths, Caffyn, Bennett, and Mortlock are special favourites in Australia, and they hope to see "Tom Lockyer." The terms offered to G. Parr are extremely liberal, and doubtless they will be accepted when the "team" consult together. Parr is to return an answer as early as possible, so as to facilitate arrangements in Melbourne for their reception, which, the writer adds, will be more enthusiastic than the late visit.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BELGIUM.

On Sunday last a grand Court dinner was given at the Palace of Laeken, in honour of the Prince of Wales and the Danish Princess. On Monday a splendid review of all the troops in the capital took place. The Prince of Wales, Prince Christian of Denmark, the Duke of Brabant, and the Count of Flanders, all in uniform, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, arrived on the review ground at eleven o'clock.

On the arrival of the illustrious visitors, the bands of the various regiments played the national airs of England, Denmark, and Belgium. Having first rode along the line, the Princes and Princesses took their station on the elevation of the manoeuvring ground, from which they obtained a fine view of the various movements of the troops.

The Prince of Wales, the Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Brabant, and the Count of Flanders took part in a splendid charge of the regiment of the Guides. The cavalry charged to within two paces of the carriages which contained the Princesses, who warmly complimented the colonel of the regiment. The weather was magnificent, and immense crowds, among whom were several English, surrounded the field of evolution. An order of the day announced to the troops that all small punishments for breach of military discipline were remitted, and that the duties of the next day would only be the same as on holidays. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Danish Princes and Princesses left Brussels on Tuesday at ten o'clock in the morning, and were accompanied to the Northern Railway terminus by the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, the Ministers of England and Denmark, and a guard of honour. At five minutes past ten the Royal express train proceeded towards Germany, under the guidance of M. Fassioux. The Prince of Wales and the Danish Princes and Princesses took leave of the King the previous evening, after the Court dinner.

Tabs and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

BOW STREET.

JOHN HALL CARR.—A middle-aged, careworn, stately-looking man, named George McDougal, a convict on ticket-of-leave, was brought before Mr. Corrie, in the custody of Buck, the warrant-officer of the court, charged with having revoked his licence by subsequent misconduct, and thereby rendered himself liable to be sent back to Dartmoor for the completion of his time of transportation. It appeared from the documents produced by Buck, that the prisoner, who is a Scotchman, was sentenced in 1858 to ten years' transportation, for the offence of house-breaking. Before he had served two years of his time, namely, in May, 1860, he was set at liberty on ticket-of-leave, and returned to his former home in Scotland, where he has since lived with his wife and family. A few days ago he got embroiled in a drunken disturbance in the streets of Edinburgh, and was taken before the High Court of Justiciary, where he was fined 10s. for a breach of the peace. Immediately upon this conviction the Scotch Justices communicated the fact to the Home Secretary, and the usual order was issued for the apprehension of the prisoner, and his re-commitment to the convict prison for the remainder of his sentence in penal servitude. This order was executed by Buck, who brought the convict from Edinburgh, and stated that he was in extreme ill-health, his disease being consumption, and no doubt greatly aggravated by the prisoner's tendency to drink hard. The court said: I am very, very ill, and I hope you will allow me medical attendance at once. The Justices have been very hard upon me. Since I have been in prison, in 1860, there has been no word of complaint against me; but had the misfortune to have a bit of a family broil, and I was taken up and fined 10s. For this trifling offence I—a dying man almost—am to be sent back to the convict prison for eight years. It is a very, very hard case. Mr. Corrie said he thought so, too; but his duty in the matter was merely of a formal character, to carry out the authority of others. If it was thought fit to liberate him after two years' servitude, it no doubt appeared hard to send him back again for a trifling offence like this. The order was then made out, and the prisoner re-committed to the convict prison.

A CROOKMAN IN HIS CUP.—A middle-aged gentleman, who gave the name of Henry Hawkins, Hackney-terrace, Stepney, was charged with being drunk, and committing several assaults upon females in the Strand. Mr. Thomas Francis, 22, Pinfold-street, Hinkley, deposed that he was in Trafalgar-square, on Saturday night, about seven o'clock, when he saw the defendant, and accidentally knocked his walking-stick, which he was flourishing about. He saw defendant run along the Strand a short distance, and then seize a young female by the wrist. She struggled some time before she could get away from him, and then defendant went on "flourishing his stick" as before. He then struck an elderly woman on the arm, and she exclaimed, "My arm is broken!" and appeared much hurt. He then seized another female by the wrist, and held her for some time, upon which he (witness) ran up to him, and held him till a constable arrived. The defendant was quite drunk. The defendant said he was only carrying his stick as another person would, and as he always carried his umbrella, twisting it round occasionally. He denied the alleged assaults. A friend of the defendant, who also appeared to be a minister of religion, said he had known defendant many years, and did not believe he would get drunk. Mr. Corrie: If not drunk he must have been insane. Then the friend said he was not insane. Mr. Corrie fined the defendant 40s, which was immediately paid.

WESTMINSTER.

A SAILOR ON THE "SPRUE."—William Slater, a sailor on board the Royal yacht Osborne, was charged with being drunk and threatening to stab William Houslow. Complainant said he kept the Carpenter's Arms, No. 10, Stewart's-grove, Brompton. The defendant came into his house at night with an old woman, and called for some of the best ale he had got. He served them, and they began kissing and hugging one another like a mother and son, very affectionately. He never was out of it in all his life, for they seemed so fond of one another. (Laughter.) Mr. Arnold: What made you feel so "out of it?" Complainant: I felt some amount of feeling; it was so natural; it's what I have done to my mother many a time. I could not help crying. Mr. Arnold: I have no doubt you have kissed your mother, but you are not going to cry now, I hope. (More laughter.) After this affecting scene, however, it appeared that prisoner and the old woman attempted to go away without paying for the ale, and the prisoner, when intercepted by the complainant, who took his hat from him as security, turned upon complainant and drew a knife, threatening to stab him. This evidence was substantially corroborated. Defendant repeatedly said that he did not mean to stab anyone. He had been sailing five months with the Prince of Wales, who had embarked for Antwerp, and had given all the men a holiday, with three shillings each, and sent them to the Exhibition, when he got drunk. Mr. Arnold said he had behaved very wrongly, but in consideration of his being drunk, he should merely require him to enter into his own recognisances to keep the peace.

VICTIMISING THE LADIES.—James Carter, alias Harding, was brought up for further examination, charged with obtaining several sums of money, watches, and other property, from various ladies, advertising for situations under the pretence that he had an hotel in the Isle of Wight, and required them as his housekeepers. The court was, as before, crowded to excess by highly respectable-looking females of all ages, who seemed anxious to prosecute the prisoner. Mr. Burton Rigby, instructed by Mr. Beard, appeared to defend him. Miss Fowkes, the lady who gave him into custody for obtaining about £26 and a valuable gold watch, was again called, and, in answer to the magistrate, said she should not have parted with her property, had not the prisoner represented himself as the proprietor of an hotel at Wootton, in the Isle of Wight, which he should require her to manage. Mr. Burham asked if the police had been able to ascertain whether the prisoner had, or ever had, any hotel in the Isle of Wight? Brechler, the detective officer, said that a communication had been received from that place, but not of a satisfactory nature. He required a further remand to produce proof that the prisoner never had any hotel there. Mr. Burham remarked that if such was the case the prisoner must be remanded again. He however saw several ladies anxious to come forward, and he should be willing now to hear what evidence they had to give before he decided on further remanding him. Ann Jones, a middle-aged lady, with flowing curls, then stepped forward, and said she advertised in the "Times" in January last, and received an answer from James Harding, and met the prisoner at her house in the Queen's-road. He said he was the proprietor of an hotel in the Isle of Wight, and should require her as his housekeeper. She thought he was a cunning rascal, and said that he wanted it to clear some spirits in the docks. Mr. Burham asked her if she would have parted with her money had he not told her that he kept an hotel in the Isle of Wight? Witness said she should not. Mary Watts, another lady of respectable age, said that she advertised and received an answer from the prisoner, and met him accordingly at the Waterloo station. He seemed as if he had just come off a journey, and said that he was tired and required refreshments. He took her to a tavern, when he represented himself as proprietor of an hotel at the Isle of Wight, and said she would just suit him as his housekeeper. Mr. Burham asked if he offered marriage to her. Witness replied that he did. He said that if she suited him they might get married. (Laughter.) He obtained from her 18s. 6d. Mr. Burham asked if she parted with that under the notion of marriage. Witness replied in the negative. She thought she was to have the situation of housekeeper. Mr. Burham was of opinion that her case could not stand. Were there any others? An elderly sort of lady here came forward, whose name our reporter could not catch. She said that she advertised for the situation of housekeeper in the "Times," and met the prisoner at her house in Farringdon-street. He said he kept the St. Lawrence Hotel, in the Isle of Wight, and that she was just the person who would suit him. She only let him have 4s. 6d., which he said he wanted to carry him to Islington, as he had left his purse at home. Sergeant Smith said that he and Holmes, the detective, went to the prisoner's house, a dirty place in a court off of Drury-lane, where they found him in great distress. They also found a valuable Skye terrier, which belonged to a lady from Norfolk, but she had not come forward to claim it. Mr. Burham said he should further remand the prisoner for evidence from the Isle of Wight, and to complete the depositions, and perhaps in the meantime she might come forward to claim it.

CLERKENWELL.

COMMITTEE OF A SHAM POLICEMAN FOR OBTAINING MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETEXTS.—Evan Dowell, a waiter out of employ, residing at 7, Berkeley-court, Berkeley-street, Clerkenwell, was charged with feloniously representing himself to be a constable of the Metropolitan Police, and also with obtaining 2s. from Mrs. Donovan, the wife of a bricklayer of Peter's-lane, St. John-street, Smithfield. Mr. John Wakeling appeared for the prisoner. It appeared from the evidence of the complainant that about six weeks since she had a silk dress stolen from her apartment, and gave information of her loss at the Ragulwell-pollice-station. She then went into a public-house, and meeting a friend, told her over a drop of gin what she had done. The prisoner, who was standing near, overheard the conversation, and said, "I'm a detective. You have gone to the wrong police station. You

should have gone to Old-street, to which I am attached; but never mind, I will take a description of your dress, and do my best to get it for you." She gave him a description, and some beer, and he went away. A few days after he came to her, and said he had found that her dress was pawned in the Blackfriars-road, but that he was so ill he must ride there, and asked for and obtained 2s. from her for that purpose. He told her that she must go with him to identify the dress; but when she was in the street, he said, "Your husband is a well-to-do man; go and fetch him." She went back for that purpose, and then the prisoner de-camped. When the prisoner was in custody he gave the prosecutor the two shillings back, and asked her not to prosecute. Police-constable Fowell, 425 A, said the prisoner had before been in custody and sentenced to six months' hard labour for a similar offence. Mr. Wakeling said he hoped the magistrate would deal with this case under the Police Act, and not to put the county to expense by sending the prisoner for trial. The magistrate said it was a serious charge, and fully committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

A PUGNACIOUS BARRISTER.—Mr. William Knox Pomeroy, barrister, of 21, Sackville-street, was charged with assaulting William Wythe, a private of the Coldstream Guards. Plaintiff said, that on stepping out of a public-house in New Burlington-street on Monday night, where he had called in to get some tobacco, the defendant said, "Can you fight?" and before he could answer struck him with his umbrella on the shoulder, and then gave him a blow in the eye. He never struck the defendant, but waited till a constable came, and gave the defendant into custody. Defendant: I've no question to ask. I believe it's all true. I was drunk, and am now sober. Mr. Tyrwhitt. It was an unprovoked assault, and I ought to fine you, but you can settle it with the soldier if you like. You ought to pay him handsomely, for he could have punished you no doubt severely if he had liked to do so, and then you would have been sorry for it. The complainant and the defendant then left the court, and the defendant having given the complainant two sovereigns, he was discharged. Mr. Tyrwhitt said it was only a proper reward for the soldier, who had acted with great coolness in the matter.

CRIMINAL APPLICATION.—Mr. Roberts, one of the parties connected with the well-known Wingham case, accompanied by his solicitor, made an application for a summons under these circumstances:—Property to the extent of £12,000 was under arbitration—a quantity of documents essential to his claims had been deposited in a bag—that bag had been opened, and all the papers relating to the property in question abstracted. He wished for a summons against the party who had taken the papers out of the bag for unlawful detention; the charge might ultimately shape itself into one of felony. Mr. Tyrwhitt said his jurisdiction only extended to matters involving an amount not exceeding £15. The property in question was said to be worth £12,000; he did not see how he could interfere. It was a question for the arbitrator rather than for a magistrate. Mr. Roberts said there were private letters among the papers abstracted. Mr. Tyrwhitt said it would be no use issuing a summons if he could not proceed under it. He thought, therefore, he must refuse the application.

MARYLEBONE.

HEATHLESS ROBBERY BY A SISTER AND HER PARAMOUR, AND ELOPEMENT.—Eleonora Edwards, twenty-three, and John Perkins, twenty-four, who described himself as a basket-maker, of Whitechapel, were placed at the bar, charged as under. Eliza Evans (who was in deep mourning and crying bitterly) on being sworn said: I live at 13, Hawley-road, Kentish-town. My husband was a clerk in the Bank of England, but had to resign through ill-health. The female prisoner is my sister, and had been staying with me. Last Tuesday week I had to go out and left her in charge of the place, and on my return, about seven in the evening, I found she had gone, and taken with her a gold watch, gold earrings, silver brooch, and other articles, too numerous to mention. I gave information to the police, and from what I heard I went to Northamptonshire, and going into a private house I saw my sister with that man (Perkins). It was at a place called Little Houghton. The male prisoner was sitting by the fire with handcuffs on, and my sister was standing by the table crying. The detectives searched two boxes which were in the room, and a carpet bag, and found more things than I have mentioned, including a quantity of wearing apparel. The man was wearing one of my husband's waistcoats and stockings, and also had one of my husband's handkerchiefs in his pocket. I asked my sister how she came about such a thing, for it would be sure to be found out. She said she had a gold ring to the landlord of the Cock Tavern, Commercial-road, Whitechapel, and another to the female who kept the Cock Tavern, Bishopsgate. Joseph Terry Evans, inspector of the Northamptonshire constabulary, deposed to apprehending the prisoner and searching the boxes, and finding the above-mentioned property. Witness deposed that the male prisoner said he knew nothing about the transaction, but that his mistress (meaning the female prisoner) came to him and said her sister had turned her out and given her some things, when they made up their minds to leave London and go down to his father's house. Prosecutor informed that the female prisoner had been convicted of horse stealing, and suffered twelve months' imprisonment, and, strange to say, she (the female prisoner) was so infatuated with him that she had been living with him and would not leave him. She herself had done all she could to reclaim her sister, but without avail, and at the time of the robbery she had taken her in to make her a good member of society, and he also given the male prisoner money to keep away. The prisoner was remanded till Monday next.

WOOLSHIP STREET.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—Thomas Cole, badge 1,348, was summoned for abusive language and insulting words to a fare. Mr. Charles Albert Jeeks, inspector of hackney carriages, swore that he hired defendant on the 2nd instant at the Haymarket to drive him to the City-road; when asked for his ticket defendant replied, "Here, you had better take two," and gave them. On being tendered his lawful fare (and more) he looked contemptuously at complainant and the money, at the same time observing, "What three miles of ground for two shillings! Why you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What d'ye mean by it?" Defendant was threatened with a summons, and that threat was kept. Mr. Jeeks added that this was the first time he had proceeded against a cabman for a like offence, and that he felt it a double duty in his position to do so now, as the complaints against cab-drivers for using taunting and abusive language were frequent. Thirteen persons, and particularly ladies, were really fearful of hiring unless previously prepared to pay the full demand made upon them. Defendant, who was manifestly disappointed at having to deal with the inspector, was fined 20s. and costs, or fourteen days' imprisonment in default.

HORSE-STEALING.—John Webb, thirty-five, a disreputable-looking fellow, was charged before Mr. Leigh with stealing a horse. Mr. Richard Skeeles, a breeder of horses, and by trade a harness maker, said that a few days since he saw on the Hackney Marshes a chestnut gelding, together with other horses belonging to him, perfectly safe. On the following morning, while in the bedroom of his residence, at Park Cottages, Old Ford-road, how, his attention was attracted to a peculiar neighing which he instantly felt convinced came from his brown gelding, and raising the gelding he perceived a man leading that very identical animal by a halter from his premises. "Halloa, where are you going to take that horse to?" was his immediate question, and the reply made by the prisoner, who held the halter, was "Aby to London!" but in truth he was taking a direction quite apart from there or the marshes. Witness not having perfectly completed his toilet called to some men who were passing, and requested them to hold the prisoner and the horse until he could descend with propriety, which they did, and shortly afterwards he interrogated the fellow as to his possession of the animal, at the same time claiming it as his own property. Prisoner gave no explanation. A constable came up, and a charge of stealing the horse was then made. Mr. Skeeles observed that the gelding was worth £20, apart from being a favourite of his, and it was certainly remarkable he should have obtained restoration of his horse by the fact of its neighing at the instant of passing the house. Prisoner entered into a lengthy, but most confused statement, the concluding assertion being that he had seen the animal outside the marshes, and "picked it up." Mr. Leigh committed him for trial forthwith.

LAMBETH.

AN ARRAIGNED YOUNG HYPOCRITE.—Agnes Boyd, aged nineteen, who has been for some years a Sunday school teacher, and who, at the time of her apprehension, was governess of the National Infant School at Stepney, from the statement of Mr. Elliott on about twenty-nine charges of felony, to the L. division of police, it appeared that for some years the prisoner had carried on a wholesale system of plunder, and even her sweetheart and her father had been made the victims of her dishonest propensities, for she stole the watches of both. So artful and plausible was she, and so regular in her attendances at church, that though valuable property had been missed from places she visited, soon after she left, not the slightest suspicion attached to her, and it was only her extravagance and her love for play are that finally led to her apprehension and a discovery of her delinquencies. For two years she lived as assistant to Mr. Richey, of No. 4, Upper Stamford-street, who carried on the business of a wholesale

mantle manufacturer, and such was the state to which she had reduced her plunder that Mr. Richey, instead of making a first-class, and in consequence gave up his business to his son, who resided in a warehouse in the city. While in that service the prisoner not only pilfered a large amount of property, but supplied her female friends and a number of maids for half-a-guinea each, the materials in which she was master 30s., representing to the purchasers that she had the privilege of disposing of the articles at cost price. In the month of June last, she returned to her lodgings in the absence of her landlady, and when the person was there, and when the landlady came home, she found the person entered by the door, and on going to her apartment she found it had been entered by thieves, who had carried away several articles belonging to her. This led the landlady to examine her rooms, and she found that her watch and various articles, her property, were gone, but never suspected the prisoner herself was the thief, as the tickets relating to the property found in her possession sufficiently proved. A fortnight ago the prisoner called at the residence of Mrs. Saunders, a friend of hers, and during the short absence of Miss Saunders from the room to procure her a glass of water she managed to conceal about her person—under her crinoline, it was supposed—a fashionable silk mantle, and carried it off with her. Information of her liberty was given to Sergeant Shepherd, and in answer to his inquiries as to who had visited the house on that day, the name of the prisoner was given to him, but not as a person suspected. The officer, however, made inquiries about her, and finding that her habits were more extravagant than her ordinary means would permit, he, on her return from Brighton, where she had been on an excursion, charged her with stealing the mantle from the house of Mrs. Saunders, she at first hesitated, but ultimately admitted the fact, and said she would give him the duplicate of the mantle, and did so. He then insisted on searching her box, and on doing so found thirty-five other duplicates, all relating to property stolen, and among it the watches of her father and sweetheart. On the latter getting into the witness-box to give evidence against her, the prisoner pretended to drop in the dock, and made a strange noise as if in a fit, but was at once told by Oake, the gaoler, to get up, as such sham tricks were useless and would not do, and her recovery was marvellously quick. Mr. Elliott observed that it was unnecessary to send more than three cases before a jury, and the evidence in three clear cases having been taken, the prisoner was fully committed for trial upon them.

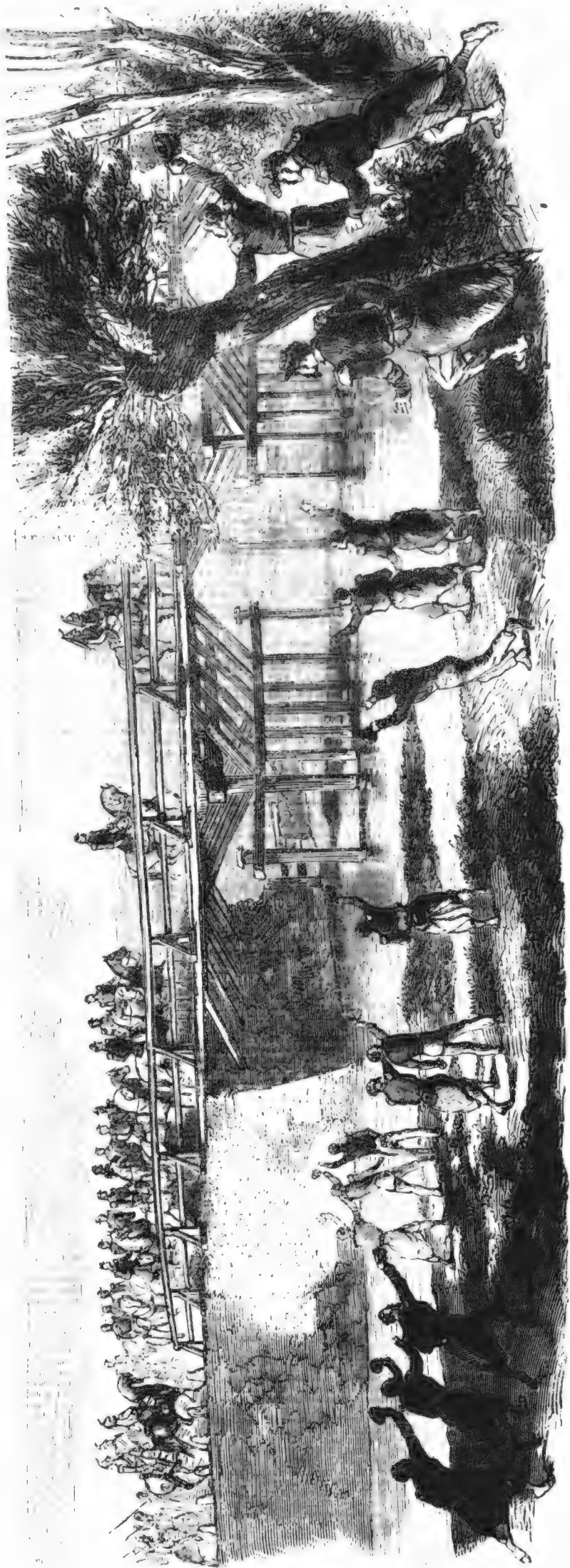
SYSTEMATIC ROBBERY.—A young man, who was well-attired, and gave the name of John Shell, and described himself as being a hawker, was placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott, charged with having been found in the parish of Norwood for an unlawful purpose, to wit the commission of felony. Mr. W. Venn, of New-lin, appeared for the prisoner. From the evidence of Thomas Davine, an active officer of the P. division of police, it appeared that he was on duty in plain clothes in Beulah-road, Norwood, on the 19th of August, when he saw the prisoner going along the road, following a light pony cart, in which there were two other men. The constable kept them in his view, and observed the cart stop, and then the prisoner crossed the road, and leaving the cart and his companions standing there, he went up to the front of the premises known as Springfield House, the residence of the Rev. Henry Melville, B.D. The officer followed, and saw the prisoner standing in front of the drawing-room window, evidently reconnoitring the means of ingress into the residence. He, however, observed the officer on the look-out, and he immediately ran away, and, after jumping over a shrubbery, was found concealed in the coach-house. On being asked what was his business there, the prisoner said he came there to buy old clothes, and to see if there was any china to mend. The officer took the prisoner up to the house, and inquired from the butler if the prisoner had been there making any such application as he had stated, and on being informed in the negative, he took the prisoner into custody on the charge of being on the premises with intent to commit a felony, as there had recently been a great number of robberies committed at the suburban villas in Norwood, Dulwich, and Sydenham, by men professing to follow the calling which the prisoner had set up, and who, by the aid of a swift horse and a light vehicle, had been enabled to get clear off with their booty. On bringing the prisoner in custody out at the gate of Springfield House, his companion struck the constable a severe blow on the arm with a life preserver, which somewhat disabled him, and after a struggle the prisoner contrived to slip out of his coat, and with his companion, make their escape. The prisoner was not seen again until he was found in custody on a similar charge, at the Hammersmith Police-court, when he at once identified him as the man who had escaped from him in the manner already stated. William Lloyd, an intelligent lad who had witnessed the encounter between the prisoner and the constable, also fully identified the prisoner, having selected him that morning out of a batch of other men, and the evidence of these two witnesses was in respect to the prisoner's identity corroborated by the testimony of Sarah Ann Simmons, the lady's maid at Springfield House, who saw the constable and the prisoner come to the hall door on that day. Patrick Barrell, police-constable 25 B, proved that the prisoner had been convicted on the 2nd September, 1861, at the Woolwich Police-court, of stealing under a similar system upwards of £60 worth of plate from the residence of Captain Dunn, for which offence he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour in Maidstone Gaol. Michael Sles, 72 B, proved that he had known the prisoner for the last four years as the constant associate of thieves, and that since his imprisonment, as stated by the last witness, the prisoner had been convicted at the Westminster Police-court of loitering in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, for an unlawful purpose, and with being in the possession of a quantity of skeleton keys, and for that offence he had been sentenced to three months' hard labour in the House of Correction. The prisoner, when asked what he had to say in answer to this charge, replied that he had not any statement to make, but wished the magistrate to settle the matter now. Mr. Elliott declined to acquiesce, and fully committed the prisoner for trial at the next sessions for the county of Surrey, at the same time directing the officers to produce at the trial the certificates of the former convictions.

THAMES.

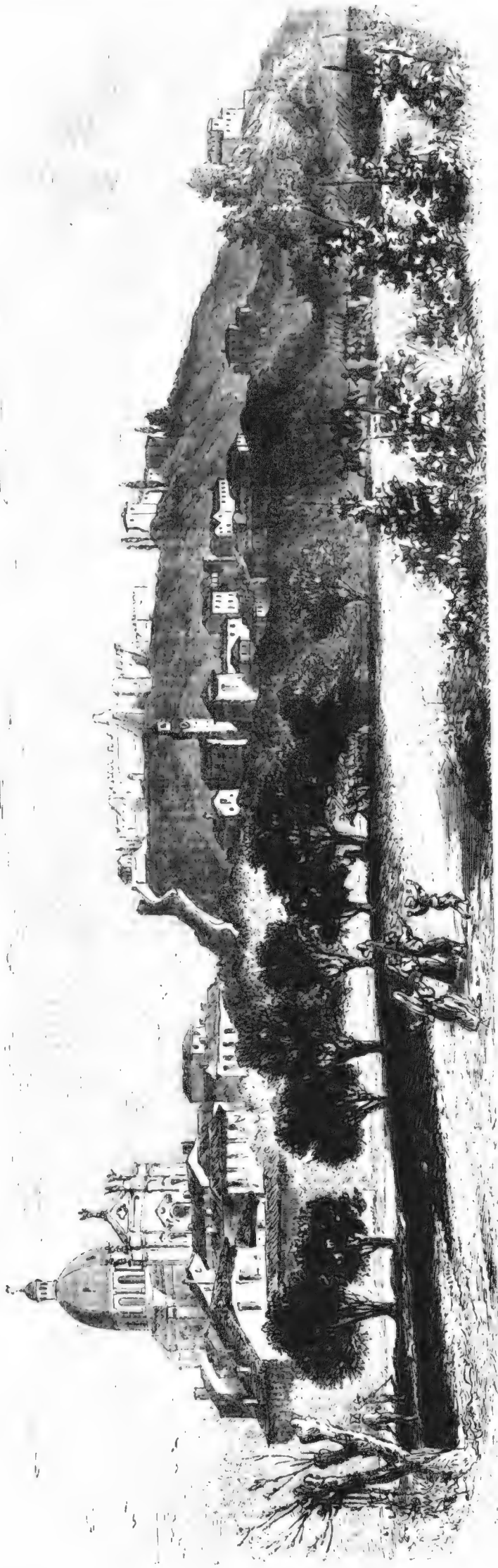
A FEMALE COMMITTED FOR TRIAL FOR STEALING FIVE FARTHING'S WORTH OF SOAP.—Rose Birwood, a married woman, was charged with stealing a piece of soap from a tray in the shop in charge of Charles Carter, an oil and colourman. Mr. Charles Young, solicitor, of Abchurch-lane, appeared for the prisoner. The evidence went to show that the prisoner went to the shop for the alleged purpose of purchasing a paraffin lamp glass, and whilst stooping down to look for one the prisoner was seen to take the piece of soap in question, wrap it in her handkerchief, and place it under her arm. When she entered the shop a boy was set to watch her, as she had been suspected of doing the same many times before, and she was given into custody. Mr. Young endeavoured to elicit in his usual ingenuous manner, that the prisoner only took the soap up for the purpose of having it weighed, but without effect, and the prisoner was committed for trial.

WANDSWORTH.

SHEEP-STEALING EXTRAORDINARY.—Henry Sandford, Robert Heath, and Joseph Withers, butchers, living in Chelsea, were brought before Mr. Ingham, charged with being concerned in stealing eight sheep, the property of Mr. Sebastian Garrard, the silversmith of the Haymarket, residing at Putney Heath. It appeared that the sheep were missed by the prosecutor's bailiff on the morning of the 26th ult. from his master's grounds, and the police were immediately acquainted with the loss. Inspector Drake, of the V. division, attached to the Chelsea station, made inquiry, and found that there was sufficient evidence to implicate the prisoners. They were apprehended, but they denied all knowledge of the sheep. About twenty minutes past eleven o'clock on the night of the 25th of August, a female named Leffley, residing at No. 24, Radnor-street, King's-road, Chelsea, who was waiting for the return of her father from an excursion, saw the prisoner Sandford driving some sheep along Smith-street, opposite to where she lived, and he went with them into a place called Radnor-gardens. About ten minutes before she saw Heath come out of the gate, and he whistled. Shortly after the prisoner Sandford had driven the sheep into Radnor-gardens all three came out together. They returned about a quarter-past twelve o'clock, and Heath opened the gate. She also saw them together the next morning. It also appeared that Heath's father lived at Radnor-gardens. When the police searched the grounds they could find no traces of the sheep. Inspector Drake, however, found some butcher's tools in a rabbit-hutch in a shed and they appeared to have been recently used. On further inquiries being made it was ascertained that Heath had been seen driving a flock of sheep along the York-road, Battersea, on the night in question, and subsequently Withers was seen driving some sheep in Chelsea, in the direction of Radnor-gardens. On Wednesday last, a constable, acting under the direction of Inspector Drake, took an auger to examine the ground in Radnor-gardens. On probing a piece of ground which had been newly planted, he found that the auger went down easily, and on pulling it up some wool was attached to it. He procured a spade, and dug to the depth of four feet, and he discovered eight sheep-skins and a quantity of offal. He obtained a barrow and conveyed them to the station. The bailiff swore to the marks upon two skins as the property of his master. He also said that the wool of the eight corresponded with the wool of the missing sheep. At the request of Mr. Withers the two skins were produced for the witness to point out the marks, which had the effect of causing the windows of the court to be opened. The witness pointed out the marks, and said the marks on the other skins had disappeared in consequence of decay. Inspector Drake said the tools were found about thirty feet from the place where the skins were buried. Mr. Ingham said he should send all the prisoners for trial. Mr. Woutner asked for bail, but it was refused.



CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA—JUNCTION OF POPE WITH MCCLELLAN. (See page 704.)



CONFEDERATES RETURNING TO RICHMOND AFTER DEFEATING MCCLELLAN. (See page 704.)

THE MANUFACTURE OF PERFUMERY.

THE wealth of England is aptly illustrated by showing what Britannia spends and the duty she pays to the Exchequer for the pleasure of perfuming her handkerchief. The Board of Customs, in the matter of perfumery imported into this country, is over-liberal, taxing an article, such as otto of rose, worth twenty guineas a pound, with a mere nominal duty of one shilling. The Board of Excise is, however, as exacting and tyrannical to the manufacturing perfumers of England as the Customs are liberal; the former demand twelve shillings tax for every gallon of spirits that is made "sweet to smell." Rather hard, we must say, upon the perfumers, when compared with the varnishers and lathers, as the latter are permitted to use spirit "duty free." There is a standing example of this check-mate to trade. Thus, transparent soap was invented and discovered in England, and there is an enormous demand for it; but the Americans, the Germans, and French, reap the benefit, in consequence of the duty on the spirit being so high as to prevent its use in this manufacture in England, but foreign made. Nevertheless between the Customs and the Excise the revenue is benefited by the perfumery trade to the extent of at least £50,000 a year.

Perfumery is an old subject. Apollonius of Herophila wrote a treatise on this art. The iris, he says, is best of Elias, and at Cyzicus; perfume from roses is most excellent at Phasalis, Naples, and Capua; that made from hyacinths is in highest perfection at Soli, in Cilicia, and at Rhodes; the essence of spikenards is best at Tanius; the extract of myrtle leaves at Cyprus, and at Adramyttium; the best perfume from marjoram and lemons comes from Cos; Egypt bears the palm for its essence of cypress.

The perfume called Fraugipanni comes from Rome, and is the best lasting perfume made. Still, the superior excellence of each perfume is owing to the fragrance of the flowers employed, and not to the place.

During the past century France appears to have been the great emporium of perfumes, but its trade in this manufacture rapidly ebbs. Yet more perfumery is used throughout the world now than at any former period, and the greatest share of this increase is, we are glad to say, supplied by England. The Export Returns of manufactured perfumery from England shows a rapid but steady annual increase. This improvement in one of what we may now call our staple manufactures, is due in the main to Mr. Septimus Piesse, who, in the year 1855, published his "Art of Perfumery," a work that has passed through several editions in England, been reprinted in America, and translated into German, French, and Italian. Since the date of this work, the whole trade of perfumery has been revolutionized. Mr. Piesse has been duly installed *Chief of the Laboratory of Flowers*. In this country, the cultivation of flowers is seldom regarded in any other light than as a source of refined pleasure, the floriculture is commonly classed with the ornamental rather than the useful arts; but the economic uses of flowers are far from being unimportant. At Nice, Cannes and Grasse, in the south of France, at Mitcham, in Surrey, at Adrianople, in Turkey, and at Gazez-pore, in India, flowers, for the sake of their fragrance, are cultivated to an enormous extent, giving direct and indirect employment to 100,000 people.

Mr. Piesse is endeavouring to introduce in English colonies this elegant manufacture. "The English gardeners," says he, "being generally unacquainted with the methods of economizing the scents from the flowers they cultivate, entirely lose what would be a profitable source of income. For many ages the Cornish miners, while working the tin streams, threw away the copper ore, over the cliffs, into the sea. How much wealth was thus cast away by ignorance we know not; but there is a perfect parallel between the old Cornish miners and the modern English gardeners."

Much of the waste land in England and in Ireland, could be very profitably employed, if cultivated with odour-bearing plants. The climate of some of the British colonies especially fits them for the production of odours from flowers that require an elevated temperature to bring them to perfection. But for the lamented death of Mr. Charles Piesse, Colonial Secretary for Western Australia, flower farms would have been established in that colony years ago. The planters of Jamaica would do well to consider if they can grow flowers for the mother country; for, as the demand for English perfumery increases, so must that of the products of flowers. England has forty colonies, America, India, and China, to supply with her perfumery manufactures. Surely this is a tempting offer. Let her look to it. Calcutta alone takes, according to the revenue returns, £30,000 worth of "sweet scents."

By permission of Messrs. Piesse and Lubin, of Bond-street, we were allowed to inspect their export manufactory, of which our artist has taken the sketch here given. Our readers will doubtless be pleased to take a peep into the Laboratory of Flowers.

MILITARY MURDER IN CANADA.

WITHIN the short period of two months we are called upon to record the details of a third murder, the victim, on each occasion, being a sergeant of one of the regiments here, and the murderer a private of the same corps. On Saturday afternoon, about two o'clock, after the 17th regiment had assembled on the parade ground of the Jesuit barracks, and were in the act of falling in, a private of No. 5 company, named Patrick Tynan, stepped one pace in the front, deliberately levelled his rifle, and shot Colour-Sergeant Ryall, who was standing about five paces off. The ball entered his left side just above the hip, and taking an upward direction, passed out near the collar-bone, tearing through his heart, and killing him almost instantly. Sergeant Ryall, after he received his death wound, fell to the ground, and the blood gushed forth from his lacerated body, and also from his mouth, ears, and eyes. Tynan was immediately seized and marched to the guard-house cells. On the way there he said he was well aware of the crime he had committed. He expressed himself satisfied when told that no one else had been injured. These are the simple facts of the case. Our reporter proceeded to the scene of the murder a short time afterwards, and saw the spot where Colour-Sergeant Ryall had fallen, clothed with his blood. His body had been conveyed to his own room, on the south-west angle of the building, where it lay covered on the floor. His widow and several of his children were gathered round the remains, weeping, and presented a sad spectacle. On inquiring among the soldiers about the ground we learned that Tynan had entertained a grudge against the deceased—that, although known as a quiet man in the regiment, he was subject to fits of temporary insanity, and had only lately returned from hospital, after one of those fits. Some days ago, Colour-Sergeant Ryall ordered him to get a new shako and pair of boots. Tynan replied that he thought those he had were quite good enough. The deceased was peremptory in enforcing the order, when Tynan replied, "If I must, I must," and through this trifling severity contemplated the murder he so fearfully carried into effect. No other cause is known for the commission of the deed beyond those above stated. Colour-Sergeant Ryall had been seventeen years in the

THE LAST LETTER OF A MURDERER.

TAYLOR, on Saturday morning, shortly before he was executed, wrote a letter to his wife, consisting principally of expressions of affection towards her, interlarded with scriptural quotations. The following was the letter:—

"Sept 13. Saturday, now 7 o'clock.

"My loving and beloved wife,—I rose this morning in peace and quiet. I feel truly peaceful, and have no fear of death. I feel as calm as though all was in its own course. I have not one nerve of my whole system in the least state of excitement. I feel truly pleased with your letter of yesterday; it was a source of comfort to me. May God give you grace to carry out your good resolutions to the end of time. Time with your dear and affectionate husband will soon be no longer. I meet my fate with calm resignation. I can say, by the grace of God, 'Thy will be done.' I rose this morning about half-past five; dressed and washed, then opened my Bible, and read the 91th Psalm. I opened the book, and that psalm at the first opening caught my eye. I read it twice; it gave me comfort. Do you read it; it is most appropriate for us; and then after I had read it I got on my knees and opened out my whole soul to God for assistance for this hard day's work, and I took you, my dear, dear creature, in the arms faith and prayer, with me to the throne of grace. I felt much pleasure in praying for you. God loves you. Do continue to pray to Him yourself. His ear is at all times open to our prayers. He will hear you, and bless you, and He will conduct you to Heaven to join with me and our lovely family. Oh! my dear Pat, the tears did flow profusely while I was praying for you. I am happy at you, because you feel able to reconcile yourself with your dear parents. May God bless them with all the blessings of this life, and when they have done with earth, may they gather up their feet and die in peace. And oh! my dear Pat, may God make you a blessing to the whole family. May you be their pride, and lead them in the path of peace and virtue. You, my dear, have seen a little of the world; you have had a short experience of life, but never one has had more or heavier trials to bear than you. Ours has been one continued trial since we began life. Had it not been for that feeling which God had implanted in our hearts, sorrow must have overwhelmed us. I am pleased that you and Harriet (his sister) have begun to love each other. You know, my dear, that she is a good creature. She will do you good. You will feel happy in her company. You will be able to keep up a correspondence which will be a consolation to both of you. I have sent her a lock of my hair by the same post, and I herewith enclose you another lock. I had sent you one before Mr. Wright is here. He has told me he will look after those things for you, and see you get all right. I do love him. He is a truly good man. His motives are good. It is not curiosity or gain that causes him to mingle in the manner that he does with the suffering and afflicted part of mankind. I believe it to be a work appointed him by his Lord and master, for he is so peculiarly eligible for such a work of labour and of love. Godliness is profitable to all things. May you feel it so, my dear wife, through life. May God be your guide through life, your comfort and consolation in death, is my earnest prayer. I feel no reluctance in leaving the world. I can leave you in the care of my Heavenly Father; he will care for you. I earnestly prayed for you, and I feel assured that we shall soon meet in Heaven. I must now draw to a close, and leave all the world to you. I have nothing more of a worldly nature to say unto you that I can charge my memory with just now. I leave all

with you, and may your own discretion direct your thoughts, words, and actions in this world aright. They have this moment placed my breakfast on the table—bread-and-butter and cocoa—my last breakfast. The sun has risen bright, and pouring forth its rays on Nature. But will not also the Sun of Righteousness shine on our dark minds, and illuminate them, and show you, my dear, as well as me, all that may exist there that is not in conformity with the will of God. And may we both be enabled to root out all that may be in our evil nature that will prevent us enjoying the pleasure of Heaven to its greatest extent. I now commit you to the care and protection of our God and father. May He guide you through life and be with you in death, and conduct you safely to that place which He hath prepared for all those who love Him. I herewith enclose you the letter you had from London; also five post stamps that I have left of the eleven you sent me. What more can I say? You think my letter short if I do not fill up all my space. But what I say further must be of a spiritual nature. I see you now, with the eye of my mind, in deep, deep sorrow, and a torrent of tears flow down those lovely cheeks. Would that I could only wipe them for you, but that is beyond my power. Fear not. God will—yes, He has promised that He will—dry your tears. I feel it. He has unbounded love, unbounded compassion, unbounded mercy. Oh! the contemplation of such a friend. Such a God is good. It is a comfort. May His grace be with you, and His spirit, His comforting spirit, rest upon you, through time to all eternity, is the prayer of your loving and affectionate husband. Now, my dear wife, farewell, farewell, farewell, to the end of time. But may we meet where farewell will be a sound unknown. Give my love to . . . May God bless you all with His free grace, give you all spiritual and eternal blessings, that all may make one happy family in Heaven. Again I bid you all farewell, and remain, with all love, my very dear and affectionate wife, your loving and affectionate husband, W. R. TAYLOR."

THE telegraphic communication now in course of construction by Mr. Reuter, through Russia, Siberia, and Mongolia, to connect Pekin with St. Petersburg and London, is expected to be completed in six months.



INTERIOR OF MESSRS. PIESSE AND LUBIN'S SCENT MANUFACTORY.

service. He was regarded as a strict disciplinarian, but a very good man in other respects. Tynan was eight years in the regiment, having enlisted in 1854, and was a shoemaker by trade. Both are natives of Ireland.—*Quebec Paper*.

A CLOWN'S TRIALS.—"It is a melancholy fact," says the *Entr'acte*, "that those persons whose profession it is to amuse the public have often to support an unusually large share of the trials of life. Auriol, the popular clown of the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, has recently been plunged into the deepest affliction. After losing his son, a fine young man, who was to have succeeded him as clown, he has now lost his only remaining child, a daughter, Madame Auriol, married to a cousin of the same name, and who died three days since in childhood. The funeral took place in the chapel of the Avenue de St. Cloud, and presented a heart-rending spectacle. At the cemetery, the bereaved husband could not stand without support, and the unhappy father, on taking his last look at his daughter's coffin, fell back insensible in the arms of his friends. Poor Auriol, who is now sixty-five, will hardly recover this terrible shock, and yet, perhaps, he may still be obliged to amuse the public with his jests and antics."

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A passenger travelling in a third-class carriage, on Monday last, on the excursion train from Limerick to Waterford, was mistaken for the hangman, and got so roughly handled that he was obliged to claim the protection of the police at the Clonmel Station, where he remained, as he feared worse consequences if he proceeded on to Waterford. It is said the idea was originated by a "wag," who nodded to some of the strangers in the carriage, and then to the unhappy victim of the joke, placing his hands on his neck, and making facial contortions, which left no doubt on the minds of those present of his meaning. Then commenced the woes of the supposed professional. Even after he left the carriage at Clonmel he was pelted with coals, &c. The victim is an operative employed in a respectable establishment in Limerick, and he now purposes to take legal proceedings against the joker who originated the (to him) very unpleasant proceedings.—*Limerick Reporter*.

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES PEARSON.—Mr. Charles Pearson, for many years solicitor to the Corporation of the City of London, expired at his residence, Oxford Lodge, West-hill, Wandsworth, on Sunday morning, at half-past two o'clock, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. The deceased had for the last twelve months suffered from dropsy, but was enabled to attend to the business of the Corporation and his great scheme, of which he was the original promoter—the Metropolitan Underground Railway.

THE SMALL-POX IN SHEEP.—We feel much grieved to state that the disease amongst sheep, now prevailing in Dorsetshire, Wilts, Hants, &c., has reached Lincolnshire, to the dismay of flockmasters. The veterinaries are busily engaged in the Deepings and their vicinity, with but faint hopes of exterminating this dreadful calamity.

Literature.

ROSALIE BERTON.

(Concluded.)

These were in this state when I visited Saumur, and the union of Henri and Rosalie, though not positively fixed, was regarded as an event by no means distant. Everyone was interested for the young and handsome couple, and wished for their espousal. Rosalie's friends longed for the day when she was to wed the young and handsome Henri; Henri's comrades were perpetually urging him to cement his union with the lovely Rosalie.

We left the place with every kind wish for the young and betrothed pair. I have not since revisited Saumur, but by letters from my friend, I have been informed that this commencement of their loves had a sad and melancholy sequel.

After our departure, it seems, the lovers continued equally attached; arrangements were making for their union, and it was intended that Henri should leave the army previous to their marriage. But just at this juncture rumours of war were circulated, the enterprise against Spain was projected, and the Royal Guard was one of the first corps ordered for service. Henri, with the natural enthusiasm of a soldier, felt all his former ardour revive, and longed to mingle in the ranks of glory, ere he left them for ever. He, doubtless, felt severely the separation from Rosalie; yet his feelings were described to me as being of a joyous character, and as of evincing that he felt happy that the opportunity of joining his brethren in arms, and of signalling himself, perhaps for the last time, had presented itself, previous to his marriage and his quitting the service.

The enterprise against Spain, he considered as the French army commonly did, to be a mere excursion of pleasure, which, while it led them into a country which many of them had never visited before, would afford them the occasion of gathering laurels which might serve to redeem somewhat of their lost glory. He therefore looked forward to the expedition, on the whole, with feelings of ardour and delight, and even longed for its approach. Not so Rosalie. She looked on war and bloodshed with the natural apprehensions of her sex; and saw in the projected expedition, and its prospects of glory, only danger and death to her lover. Her spirits received a severe shock when the intelligence was first communicated—she gradually lost her cheerfulness and spirits; the song, the dance, had no longer charm for her, and she could only contemplate the approaching separation with sorrow and dismay.

Henri perceived her depression, and endeavoured to combat and remove her fears by assurances fond, but unavailing. It was only, he would urge, a faint of pleasure, it would admit his speedy return, when he would come to lay his services at her feet, and claim the hand which was already promised to his hopes; and surely, then, Rosalie could not regret his obeying the call of duty and honour; or like her lover the worse, when crowned with victory in the cause of his country. To these and similar assurances, Rosalie could only reply with the mute eloquence of tears; and nothing could divert her of the apprehension with which she ever regarded an enterprise which she seemed to consider from the first as fatal.

The time however drew on, the dreaded period arrived, the Royal Guard left its quarters, and departed from Saumur. Henri took a fond and passionate adieu of his betrothed; and Rosalie, having summoned all her fortitude to her aid, went through the parting scene with more firmness than could have been expected from her, though her feelings, afterwards, were described as of the most agonizing kind.

Such is the difference between the ardent feelings of man and the tender and gentle sympathies of woman, that while his sorrow is alleviated by a thousand mitigating circumstances of ardour and excitement, which relieve his attention, and soothe, though they do not annihilate his grief, she can only brood over her feelings, and suffer in silence and in sorrow. Henri marched out with his regiment in all the vigour of manhood, and with all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war; while Rosalie could only retire to her chamber and weep.

Time passed on; letters were received from Henri, which spoke in ardent terms of his journey, and of the new and singular scenes unfolded to his view. He adverted also to his return, mentioned the war as a mere pastime, and as an agreeable joint, the termination of which he only desired, because it would once more restore him to his Rosalie. It was remarked, however, that she never recovered her cheerfulness; to all her lover's assurances she could only reply with expressions of distrust, and with feelings of sorrow; and when she wrote, it was to express her fears of the campaign, and her wish that it was over.

And constantly did the good and pious girl offer up her prayers for her lover, as she repaired to the church of the Holy Virgin at Saumur, to perform her daily devotions.

The season advanced; the French marched through Spain, and I reached Cadiz. At this last hope of the Constitutionalists, a strong resistance was expected, and Henri had written from Seville, that his next letter would announce the termination of the campaign. Alas! he never wrote again! Time flew on; the journals announced the fall of the Trocadero, the surrender of Cadiz, and the restoration of Ferdinand, yet no news from Henri. Then did the gentle girl sink into all the dependency of disquietude; and as day after day passed and brought no tidings of her lover, her beauty and her health suffered alike; she languished and pined till she scarce retained the semblance of her former self.

At last came a letter; it was from Spain, but it was written in a stranger's hand, and its sad appendages bespoke the fatal nature of its contents. It was from a brother officer of Henri, stating that his regiment had been foremost in the attack, and that the Trocadero, the last resource of the Constitutionalists, had been carried with the loss of but few killed; but, alas, among the few, was Henri! He was shot through the

body while leading his men to the assault. He fell instantly dead, and the writer expressed his desire that the sad intelligence should be conveyed as gently as possible to Rosalie.

Unhappily, by one of those chances which often occur, as if to aggravate misfortune, it was Rosalie who received the fatal letter from the postman's hands! She tore it open; read its dreadful contents; and with a wild and frenzied shriek, fell senseless to the ground! She was borne to her bed, where every care and attention was bestowed; but her illness rapidly assumed a threatening and a dangerous character. A fever seized her frame; she became at once delirious; nor did reason again resume her throne; and it was not till after months of suffering and agony, that she recovered, if that could be called recovery, which gave back a deformed and hapless lunatic, bereft of intellect and of beauty, in place of the once gay and fascinating Rosalie. The dread aberration of intellect was attributed by her medical attendants to the fatal and sudden shock she had sustained, and to its effect on a mind weakened by a previous anxiety and sorrow; while they feared her malady was of a nature which admitted no hope of the return of reason.

Her mind, it was stated, remained an entire blank. Imbecile, vacant, drivelling—she appeared almost unconscious of former existence; and of those subjects which formerly engrossed her attention, and excited her feelings, there were scarcely any on which she now evinced any emotion. Even the name of her lover was almost powerless on her soul, and if repeated in her hearing, seemed scarcely to call forth her notice.

Only one gift remained, in all its native pathos, tenderness, and beauty—her voice, so sweet before her illness, seemed amid the wreck of youth, and joy, and love, and all that was charming and endeared, to have only become sweeter still! She was incapable or unwilling to learn any new airs, but she would occasionally recollect snatches of former songs or duets, which she and Henri had sung together, and she would pour the simple melodies in strains of more than mortal sweetness!

This, alas! was the only relic of former talent or taste that she retained; in all other respects, her mind and body, instead of evincing symptoms of recovery, seemed to sink into utter hopelessness and despair; and an early tomb seems to be the best and kindest boon which Heaven, in its mercy, can bestow on the once fair and fascinating Rosalie!

"I HAVE DONE MY DUTY."

A TALE OF THE SEA.

"She would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers; fancy, too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return."

Cowley.

"I DEARLY love a sailor!" exclaimed the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. D—, as she stood in the balcony of her house, leaning upon the arm of her affectionate and indulgent husband, and gazing at a poor shattered tar who supplicated charity by a look that could hardly fail of interesting the generous sympathies of the heart—"I dearly love a sailor; he is so truly the child of Nature; and I never feel more disposed to shed tears, than when I see the hardy veteran who has sacrificed his youth, and even his limbs, in the service of his country—"

'Cast abandoned on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.'

Look at you poor remnant of the tempest, probably reduced to the hard necessity of becoming a wanderer, without a home to shelter him, or one kind commiserating smile to shed a ray of sunshine on the dreary winter of his life. I can remember, when a child, I had an uncle who loved me very tenderly, and my attachment to him was almost that of a daughter; indeed he was the pride and admiration of our village; for everyone esteemed him for his kind and cheerful disposition. But untoward events cast a gloom upon his mind; he hastened away to sea, and we never saw him more."

By this time the weather-beaten, care-worn seaman had advanced towards the house, and cast a wistful glance aloft; it was full of honest pride that disdained to beg; yet his appearance was so marked with every emblem of poverty and hunger, that, as the conflicting feelings worked within his breast, his countenance betrayed involuntarily the struggles of his heart. There was a manly firmness in his deportment that bespoke no ordinary mind; and a placid serenity in his eye, that beamed with benevolence, and seemed only to regret that he could no longer be a friend to the poor and destitute, or share his hard-earned pittance with a messmate in distress. A few scattered grey locks peeped from beneath an old straw hat; and one sleeve of his jacket hung unoccupied by his side—the arm was gone.

"I should like to know his history," said the amiable lady; "let us send for him!"

To express a wish, and have it gratified, was the same thing to Mrs. D—, and in a few minutes the veteran tar stood before them.

"Would you wish to hear a tale of woe?" cried the old man, in answer to her request. "Ah, no! why should your tender heart be wounded by another's griefs? I have been buffeted by the storms of affliction—I have struggled against the billows of adversity—every wave of sorrow has rolled over me; but," added he, while a glow of conscious integrity suffused his furrowed cheek, "I have always done my duty; and that conviction has buoyed me up when early overwhelmed in the ocean of distress. Yet, lady, it was not always thus. I have been happy—was esteemed, and, as I thought, beloved. I had a friend, in whom I reposed the highest confidence, and my affections were devoted to one; but she is gone, she is gone! and I—yes, we shall meet again!" Here he paused, dashed a tear from his eye, and then proceeded, "My friend was faithless; he robbed me of the dearest treasure of my heart, and blasted every hope of future happiness. I left my native land to serve my country; have fought her bat-

les, and bled in her defence. On the 29th of May, and glorious 1st of June, 1794, I served on board the Queen Charlotte, under gallant Howe, and was severely wounded in the breast—but I did my duty. On that memorable occasion, a circumstance occurred which added to my bitterness and melancholy. The decks were cleared, the guns cast loose, and every man stood in eager expectation at his quarters. It is an awful moment, lady, and various conflicting emotions agitate the breast when, in the calm stillness that reigns fore and aft, the mind looks back upon the past, and contemplates the future. Home, wife, children, and every tender remembrance rush upon the soul. It is different in the heat of action; then, every faculty is employed for conquest, that each man may have, to say, 'I have done my duty.' But when bearing down to engage, and silence is so profound that every whisper may be heard, then their state of mind cannot be described. Sailors know what it is; and, conquering it by cool determination and undaunted bravery, nobly do their duty. I was stationed at the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and looked around me with feelings incident to human nature, yet wishing for, and courting, death. The admiral, with calm composure, surrounded by his captains and signal-officers, stood upon the back of the poop, while brave Bowen, the master, occupied the ladder, and gave directions to the quartermaster at the helm. They opened their fire, and the captains of the guns stood ready with their matches in their hands, waiting for the word. The work of destruction commenced, and many of our shipmates lay bleeding on the deck, but not a shot had we returned.

"Stand by, there upon the main-deck!" cried the first lieutenant. "Steady, my men! Wait for command, and don't throw your fire away!"

"All ready, sir!" was responded, fore and aft. "At this moment a seaman advanced upon the quarter-deck, attended by a young lad (one of the fore-top men) whose pale face and quivering lip betrayed the tremulous agitation of fear. The lieutenant gazed at him for a few seconds with marked contempt and indignation, but all stood silent. The officer turned towards the admiral, and enquiring looking round, perceived that the lad had fainted, and lay lifeless in the seaman's arms, who gazed upon the bloodless countenance of his charge with a look of anguish and despair.

"Carry him below," said the lieutenant, "and let him skulk from his duty; this day must be a day of glory!"

The poor fellow seemed unconscious that he was spoken to, but still continued to gaze upon the lad. The officer beckoned to a couple of men, who immediately advanced, and were about to execute his orders, when the seaman put them back with his hands, exclaiming—

"No! *As is mine, and we will live or die together!*"

"Oh! lady, what a scene was that! The frown quitted the lieutenant's brow, and a tear trembled in his eye. The generous Howe and his brave companions gathered round, and there was not a heart that did not feel what it was to be beloved. Yes! mine alone was dreary, like the lightning-blasted wreck. We were rapidly approaching the French admiral's ship, the Montague; the main decks fired, and the lower deck followed the example. The noise brought her to her recollection; she gazed wildly on all, and then clinging closer to her lover, sought relief in tears.

"T—," said his lordship, mildly, "this must not be. Go, my lady; see her safe in the cockpit, and then I know that you will do your duty."

"A smile of animation lighted up his agitated face."

"I will! I will!" cried he "God bless your lordship, I will! for I have *always* done my duty."

Taking his trembling burthen in his arms, he supported her to a place of safety. In a few minutes he was again at his gun, and assisted in pouring his first raking broadside into our opponent's stern. Since then I have served in most of the general actions; and knelt by the side of the hero Nelson, when he resigned himself to the arms of death. But, whether stationed upon deck amidst the blood and slaughter of battle—the shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying—clinging to the shrouds during the tempestuous howling of the storm, while the wild waves were beating over me—whether coasting along the luxuriant shores of the Mediterranean, or surrounded by icebergs in the Polar sea, —one thought, one feeling possessed my soul, and that was devoted to the being I adored. Years rolled away; but that deep, strong, deathless passion distance could not subdue, nor old age founder. 'Tis now about seven years since the British troops under Wellington were landed on the Continent. I was employed with a party of seamen on shore in transporting the artillery and erecting batteries. A body of the French attacked one of our detachments, and, after considerable slaughter on both sides, the enemy were compelled to retreat. We were ordered to the field to bring in the wounded and prisoners. Never—never shall I forget that day; the remembrance even now unmans me. Oh, lady! forgive these tears, and pity the anguish of an old man's heart. Day had just begun to dawn when we arrived upon a *de la place*, and I commenced our search among the bodies, to see if there were any who yet remained lingering in existence. Passing by and over heaps of dead, my progress was suddenly arrested, and every fibre of my heart was racked, on seeing a female sitting by the mangled remains of an English soldier. She was crouched upon the ground, her face resting on her lap, and every feature hid from view. Her long black hair hung in dishevelled tresses about her shoulders, and her garments closed round her person heavy with the cold night-rains; one hand clasped that of the dead soldier, the other arm was thrown around his head. Every feeling of my soul was roused to exertion—I approached—she raised herself up—and—great Heaven! 'twas she—the woman whom I loved! She gazed with sickly horror; and though greatly altered—though time and sorrow had chased away

the bloom of health—though scarce a trace of former beauty remained, these features were so deeply engraven on my memory for me to be mistaken; but she knew me not. I forgot all my wrongs, and rushing forward, clasped her to my breast. Oh, what a moment was that! she made an ineffectual struggle for release, and then fainted in my arms. Some of my shipmates came to the spot, and, turning over the lifeless form before us, my eyes rested on the countenance of him who had once been my friend. But death disarms resentment; he was beyond my vengeance, and had already been summoned to the tribunal of the Most High. When I had last seen them, affluence, prosperity, and happiness, were the portion of us all. Now—but I cannot, cannot repeat the distressing tale; let it suffice, lady, that she was carried to a place of safety, and every effort used to restore animation, in which we were eventually successful. How shall I describe our meeting, when she recognised me? It is impossible; I feel it now in every nerve, but to tell you is beyond my power. Through the kindness of a generous officer, I procured her a passage to England, and gave her all that I possessed, with this one request that she would remain in Plymouth till my return to port. In a few months afterwards we anchored in the Sound, and, as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to obtain leave to go on shore; it was denied me—yes, cruelly denied me. Stung to madness, I did not hesitate; but as soon as night closed in, slipped down the cables and swam to land. With eager expectation I hurried to the house in which I had requested her to remain. I crossed the threshold unobserved, for all was silent as the grave, and gently ascended the stairs. The room door was partly open, and a faint light glimmered on the table. The curtains of the bed were undrawn, and there—there lay gasping in the last convulsive agonies of nature—she! Lady! she was dying—I rushed into the room, threw myself by her side, and implored her to live for me. She knew me—yes, she knew me—But at that very instant an officer with an armed party entered the apartment. They had watched me, and I was arrested as a deserter—arrested did I say? Ay! but not till I had stretched out the insulting insults at my feet. I was handcuffed, and bayonets were pointed at my breast. Vida was every entreaty for one hour, only one hour. The dying woman raised herself upon her pillow—she stretched forth her hand to mine, manacled as they were—she felt back, and Emma—yes, my Emma was no more. Despair, rage, fury, worked up the fiends within my soul! I struggled to burst my fetters, dashed them at all who approached me; but overcome at length, was borne to the common goal. I was tried for desertion, and, on account of my resistance, was flogged through the fleet. I had acted improperly as a seaman, but I had done my duty as a man. It was not my intention to desert my ship, but my feelings overpowered me, and I obeyed their dictates. Yet now I felt indignant at my punishment, and took the first opportunity to escape; but whither could I go? There was no protection for me. One visit, one lonely visit was paid to the grave of her who was now at rest for ever; and I again entered on board the—, bound to the West India station. I fought in several actions, and lost my arm. But the R^d for desertion was still against my name, and though I obtained a pension for my wound, could obtain none for servitude. I cannot apply to the friends of my youth, for they believe me dead; and who would credit the assertions of a broken-hearted sailor? No, no; a few short months, and the voyage of life will be over; then will old Will Jennings be laid in peace by the side of Emma Wentworth, and wait for the last great muster before Him who searches all hearts, and rewards those seamen who have done their duty."

Here he ceased, while D— turned to his wife, whose loud sobs gave witness to the sympathy of her heart; but the agony increased to hysteric convulsions—she sprang hastily on her feet—shrieked—

"'Tis he! 'tis William! 'tis my uncle!" and fell upon his neck!

OVER THE FALLEN.

'Tis night unclouded noon,
And light an orb of blood,
Ascends the tranquil moon,
Out of the ocean-flood;
Stretched cold along the shore
Unweaking warriors lie,
Who shall be roused no more

To victory.

Where now ambition's ray,
The illusion they pursued?
They see it not while they
Sleep in red solitude.
The sleep that hath no dream,
The night that hath no moon,
Festering beneath the moonlight beam,
In reason's secret

Where are they now, with all
For which so soon they died?
The old tree green and tall
Counts ages passed with pride;
Runs its allotted years
In timely due decay,
Among its hoary peers

All venerably.

As if life were a thing
So light and easy won,
That a mere dry leaf rustling
Might pierce its summer sun;
They fling the gift away
They never can resume,
And with a mimic feigning
Perchance a tomb.

Go, then, ambition's race!
Go, slaves of phantom glory!
Myriads that have no place
Not even in living story;
Except in freedom's cause
I'll game not life away;
Content with Nature's law,
I'll bide my day.

Lie there! forgotten men,
Until to-morrow's dawn—
Lie there! ye ne'er again
Can put your lives in pawn
For despot knave's dull play,
Who gave your blood for air—
In premature decay,
Lie there, lie there!

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